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NATIONAL REVIEW

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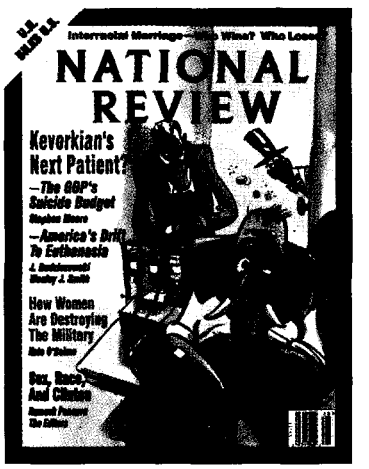

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LETTERS

With Charity for All

Sen. Rick Santorum's "But Are They Catholic?" [June 2] is relevant to many nonprofit organizations. By accepting government funds, they often accept government control, amounting to a state takeover of the private social-service sector. A few years ago, I worked for an agency affiliated with the Episcopal Church and attended meetings of all the private agencies that received funding from the same government grant. When a representative of another agency complained to a government representative that the funding did not cover the cost of the program, the government rep said we would have to make up the difference using funds from other sources. This means that some of our donations to charity actually support government programs—akin to voluntarily re-taxing ourselves. Religious institutions should stand up for less government intervention so that our non-profits can really address the social problems in our society.

Steve Brunton
Chicago, Ill.

Sen. Santorum cites his newfound contact with Catholic Charities agencies in Pennsylvania, where he marvels at "those who daily travel and walk among the poor and see in them the face of Christ." I'm happy to assure your readers that Pennsylvania is not an aberration, but typical of Catholic Charities workers across the country. Unfortunately, the senator holds a basic misperception of Catholic social teaching. He confuses certain expressions of Catholic faith—in Mass, symbols, and prayer—with the delivery of social services as an expression of the Gospel. Our faith compels us to help the poor, not to force our religion on them as the price of such service.

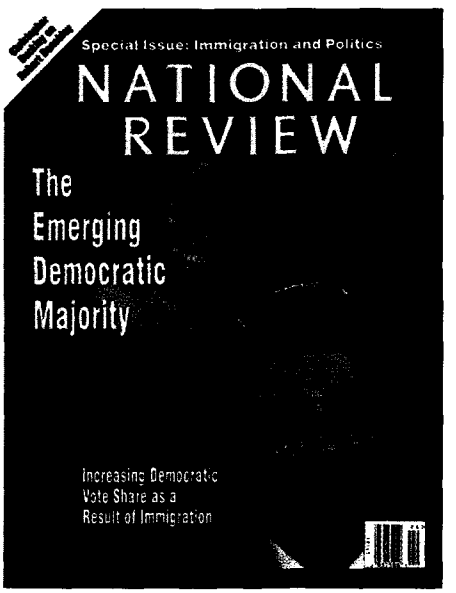
Last February, Cardinal O'Connor in response to the senator's attack, said, "A tremendous number of things we believe are legitimately Catholic would have nothing to do with the church liturgy . . . but would certainly be Catholic in the sense of feeding the hungry and other works of the social gospel. . . . I have not thought of Catholic social services as a medium for the direct, oral teaching about Jesus." Pope John Paul praised Catholic Charities for serving people without regard to religion.

Catholic Charities are well aware of the risks from government funding, as well as from political ideology on the left and right. Government funding to assist poor people is a matter of social justice, not charity. We use it, in combination with donations of all kinds, in the best interest of the 11 million people we serve. We are faithful to our mission, and to Christ, Whom we meet in the faces of poor children and families.

On behalf of the 9,500 Catholic Charities volunteer board members, 52,000 staff members, and 240,000 volunteers, we accept Sen. Santorum's apologies to those "who work diligently, and in the spirit of true Christian charity, on behalf of the poor." We invite him and all others, not only to visit, but to join us in our work. It will make your heart and soul sing.

Fred Kammer, SJ
President, Catholic Charities USA
Alexandria, Va.

We reserve the right to edit letters for clarity or length.


Special Issue: Immigration and Politics
NATIONAL REVIEW
The Emerging Democratic Majority
Increasing Democratic Vote Share as a Result of Immigration

I am pleased that Fr. Kammer himself acknowledges the potential risks of government funding. But if a risk exists, what is it? Wouldn't it be that the charitable arm of the Church is reduced merely to the "delivery of social services," as Fr. Kammer puts it, rather than aiding spiritual and cultural transformation—which is the role of the Church? As Archbishop Cordes of the Pontifical Council Cor Unum *states: "Those who intend the Church as a philanthropic institution disregard its authentic essence. Those who . . . see the Church as a kind of Red Cross . . . with an efficient system of functions . . . would be neglecting the most decisive aspect." I agree that the poor should not pay a price to receive all the services they need. But they do pay a price because Catholic Charities pays one—exacted by government funding—of limiting services to the poor. Finally, it is not the delivery of social services, no matter how efficient, which will transform our culture—it is God.* —RS

Wine, Dine, and Be Literary

After reading George Will's great review of Roy Jenkins's *Gladstone* [April 7], I thought your readers might be interested to know that William Gladstone set up a trust to create a residential library, the only one of its kind in the world, where scholars might go to read and study while on sabbatical. In 1993, Russell and I stayed there and especially enjoyed the conversation with the resident scholars, who dine together daily. Any scholar interested in spending time there should write to: The Rev. Dr. Peter J. Jagger, Warden and Chief Librarian, St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, Clwyd, CH5 3DF, North Wales, Great Britain.

Annette Kirk
Russell Kirk Center for Cultural Renewal
Mecosta, Mich.

Mr. Morris Changes Trains

Dick Morris ["Balanced-Budget Bliss," June 2] is so proud of his role in this fiasco that he fails to see the problems it creates. He seems to forget that tax cuts are quickly lost in a squeeze and that spending increases are rarely reversed during that same squeeze. Worse, each new tax break (whether for the rich, middle-class, or poor) creates a new interest group that will resist yielding its newly gotten gains for meaningful tax reform, whether it comes as a flat tax or a national sales tax. Let's consider Mr. Morris's contribution a novelty item, and make it a one-and-done concept.

Bruce Crawford
Fountain Valley, Calif.

I enjoyed the wonderful budget spoof your editorial team put together under the nom de plume "Dick Morris." I haven't seen such twaddle in one place since the last Clinton State of the Union address. Next time I suggest you make it a bit more subtle, perhaps by attributing authorship to Jonathan Swift.

Bryce MacDonald
Schenectady, N.Y.

1776 and All That

In his review of Nathan Glazer's *We Are All Multiculturalists Now,* John Fonte [May 5] refers to a panel of historians and teachers convened in the summer of 1995 to review the national voluntary history standards published the previous fall by the National Center for History in the Schools. He complains that Glazer does not "tell us that the

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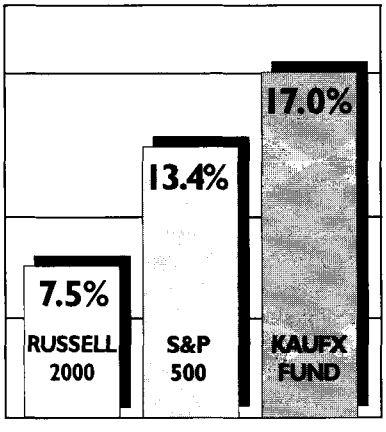

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organization that sponsored the review, the Council for Basic Education, rescinded its invitation to critic John Patrick Diggins to serve on the U.S.-history review panel because Gary Nash, the principal author of the original standards, objected. (So much for 'impartial' review.)"

Diggins was, in fact, approached by CBE, early in the process of convening the panels, to be in a pool of candidates. As we discussed the potential candidates with the major funders of the review project, concerns were raised about a perception that Diggins did not, generally, support national standards. Though CBE was keen to have critics on the panels—and got them—we also wanted to be sure that panelists shared our convictions about the importance of the national standards' very existence. On that basis, other scholars, both conservative and liberal, were chosen. Gary Nash understood from the beginning of the process that he had no say over who was or was not chosen to participate, and he honored that understanding.

Mr. Fonte also writes that "further, Glazer mistakenly describes the Council for Basic Education as 'conservative.' The CBE was formerly conservative but is now indistinguishable from the rest of the education establishment." In fact, CBE is neither conservative nor liberal. For over forty years we have been independent in our ideas, and committed to a non-political stance on education. We care only if reform ideas will improve the basic, liberal-arts education all students should have, not which end of the political spectrum has or hasn't approved those ideas.

Christopher T. Cross
President, Council for Basic Education
Washington, D.C.

John Patrick Diggins was told that he and one of the nation's leading experts on eighteenth-century America, Professor Bernard Bailyn, were rejected by CBE because Gary Nash, the principal author of the history standards, objected. Cut the nonsense. Professor Diggins has supported *national standards, but incurred the ire of Mr. Nash because of his trenchant criticism of Nash's standards, hence his elimination from the CBE panel (likewise, apparently, for Mr. Bailyn). Mr. Cross misquotes my review; I described a once-proud CBE that used to challenge progressive education (the days of Crane Brinton, Malcolm Cowley, Arthur Bestor, et al.) as "formerly traditionalist" (not "conservative"), but "now indistinguishable from the rest of the education establishment." The current CBE's benign view of multiculturalism and its complaint that Virginia's history standards "overemphasize facts" at the expense of "critical thinking" prove my point.* —JF

Leaning on Hitler

I've always been a strongly pro-immigrant conservative, yet I found the facts in your "Immigration and Politics" issue [June 16] to be absolutely irrefutable, however much I might disagree with your ultimate conclusions. But then I noticed that if I changed "Asians" to "Jews," "Hispanics" to "blacks," and "immigrants" to "Jews and blacks," the strong factual basis remained (even more so, since, taken together, Jews and blacks are far, far more likely to be leftists, welfare recipients, and criminals than Asians or Hispanics), but your thoughtful articles had disturbingly been transformed into vile tracts obviously written by the Nazi Party.

Ron K. Unz
Chairman, English for the Children
Palo Alto, Calif.

The more extreme advocates of immigration accuse their opponents of racism to disguise what they are doing. Mesmerized by this rhetoric, the public fails to act on its own beliefs—overwhelmingly in favor of immigration curbs. Lest we underestimate the power of rhetoric, keep in mind that Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland and occupied Austria and Czechoslovakia with words alone. His bluff worked three times.

Robert Greene
Ladysmith, Wisc.

Of Verse and Worse

Every time I publish a book, I am heckled in the right-wing *Reptilienpresse* by an obscure individual named James Bowman, who, I am told, is a Washington "media critic" (whatever that is). To judge from his review of my poem *The Alamo* [June 16], the armamentarium of Media Critics does not include a knowledge of the rules of scansion applicable to verse in English. He somehow finds pyrrhic and trochaic feet in a line which, when read with normal American pronunciation, is in perfectly regular iambic pentameter with one extra unstressed syllable (in "Mexico")—a prosodic convention accepted since the Romantic era. I picture this Media Critic, who elsewhere attacks my use of spondaic substitution for expressive purposes, chortling over the metrical incompetence of Alexander Pope: "When Ajax strives, some rock's vast weight to throw, / The line too labours, and the words move slow." Best of all, the Media Critic thinks the word "moonshine" in Book Five is an unintentionally comic mistake, when, as every intelligent reader has understood, it is a pun whose purpose is to undercut the daydream of William Barret Travis by implicitly comparing it to the intoxication of James Bowie earlier in the same book ("bottled moonlight"). Do other Media Critics find it difficult to scan verse and read fiction?

Your misinformed readers deserve to be told that *The Alamo* (whose sales to date may make it the best-selling first book of poetry this year) has received high praise from the leaders of the New Formalist/New Narrative movement in American poetry—several of whom, like Dana Gioia and Frederick Turner, have contributed to conservative journals like *The New Criterion*, NATIONAL REVIEW, and *Chronicles*. The contrast between their accolades and Bowman's review can be explained only by one of two hypotheses: a) Gioia, Turner, Robert McDowell, and other leading formalist poets know far less about narrative verse than minor Washington Media Critics; b) the professional flacks of the Manhattan–Beltway Right like this Bowman person are eager to score points with their patrons (right-wing foundation executives and hireling editors) by graffiti-bombing anything written by the apostate author of *Up From Conservatism*—even when (as in the case of *The Alamo*) there is nothing that a conservative reader might find objectionable, and much that he might enjoy.

Michael Lind
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Lind's nasty ad hominem letter is of a piece with his lousy poetry and his even lousier critical defense of it. I would like to hear what "normal American pronunciation" could produce a scansion other than the one I propose [x´/x´/xx/´x/´x/´] for the line "in Mexico, when John Austin fell to flames," just as I would like to hear Lind's authority for the claim that "perfectly regular iambic pentameter" can tolerate extra unstressed medial syllables. This is especially important as it is the only substantive point against my review that he even attempts to make, apart from his nonsensical statement that "moonshine" is a "pun" (a pun on what?). Instead he fancifully accuses me of finding metrical fault with Alexander Pope, rather than himself (more delusions of grandeur), damns me to obscurity for daring to disagree with three "leading formalist poets," and impugns my motives for entertaining as "patrons" certain unspecified "right-wing foundation executives and hireling editors." For the record, I have never received a penny from a right-wing (or any other) foundation, and I would like to know which of my regular editors, John O'Sullivan, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., Hilton Kramer, or Ferdinand Mount, Mr. Lind considers to be a "hireling." —JB

Pale Imitation

I am writing to protest your June 16 cover caricature, depicting Hillary Clinton with grotesque buck teeth and . . . Oh, it's a photograph? So sorry.

Edward T. Brown
Colorado Springs, Colo.

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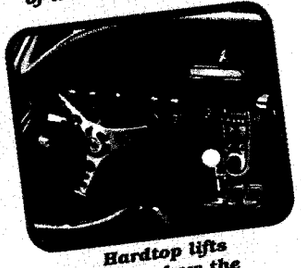

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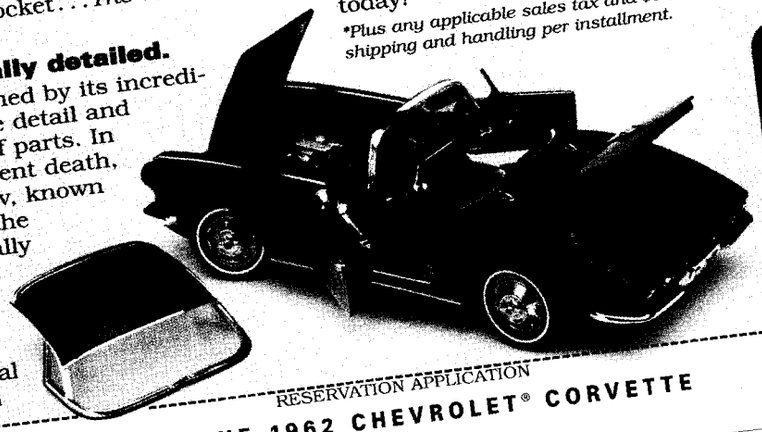

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FROM THE EDITOR

Party Games

■ Our cover in this issue suggests mordantly that the Republican party has been in better shape, and Steve Moore's article on its retreat from spending cuts details the indictment.

NR's own editorial judgment in "The Week" is slightly less severe. But these assessments are still incomplete. As *NR* goes to press, the House and Senate are working on joint proposals for tax cuts.

So far, individual proposals look good—e.g. a $500 tax credit per child—but since some taxes are being raised, the net GOP tax reduction shrinks daily. At last count the Senate's version had reached $43 billion over five years.

For those who cannot wait two weeks for *NR*'s comments, there will be regular reports in *Washington Bulletin* on *NR Online* (www.nationalreview.com). A fine analysis of the GOP's disaster relief fiasco (Newt Survives—for Now) is in *NR Online*'s archive.

Already *Washington Bulletin*, updated daily by the firm of Lowry and Ponnuru, is a must read inside the Beltway—and so a must read also for those who want to know what the Beltway is up to.

■ I have felt very flattered by the many kind letters about my recent 9,000-word magnum opus "After Reaganism." They are a tribute to our readers' generosity and stamina.

Several suggested a symposium on the article and its themes. But we thought that 10 or 12 responses might be somewhat indigestible in the same issue.

Our solution is a running symposium. *NR* will invite distinguished conservatives to respond to its thesis that the New Class uses multiculturalism to divide and rule America on ethnic lines.

My colleague, Rick Brookhiser, the biographer of Washington, delivers the first response—an elegant defense of early American ideals—in this issue.

And if Mr. Clinton were eligible, I might reprint his San Diego speech as confirmation of my thesis. He was even more candid in a briefing to thirteen black American journalists, according to Derrick Z. Jackson in the *Boston Globe*.

"This will arguably be the third great revolution in America," (said Clinton) proving we can live "without in effect having a dominant European culture. We want to become a multiracial, multiethnic society."

Since America already is a multiracial, multiethnic society, what he presumably wants America to become is a multicultural society—i.e. one without a dominant European culture. Q. E. D.

So don't say you weren't warned.

■ We discuss the election of William Hague as leader of Britain's Tory party in "The Week." But the event reminded me that twenty years ago I had witnessed his first arrival in high politics.

I was covering the annual Tory party conference as a sketchwriter for the *Daily Telegraph* when . . . well, read on:

"William Hague of Rother Valley strode to the rostrum and announced that he was 15. It seemed a plausible claim—he looked perhaps a little younger, 14 maybe—until he launched into his polished, vigorous and intelligent speech.

"'Every Labour government has encroached on the liberty of the individual citizen. Every Tory government has failed to do more than marginally restore it,' he thundered, observing something that has escaped the notice of most Tory Prime Ministers . . .

". . . He finished his plea that the Conservative party should try conservatism (if only for the sake of a new experience), was given a standing ovation by the conference, and was at once approached by Mr. David English, editor of the *Daily Mail,* shouting 'this kid is dynamite. I'm gonna make him a STAR. Hold the front page.' Or words to that effect. The rest will shortly be history."

Not a bad prediction then—Mr. Hague was addressing a Tory party that had only just elected Mrs. Thatcher as its leader—and not a bad portent now.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW
July 14 issue; printed June 25

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YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

"You have revived a Movement."

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter, published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

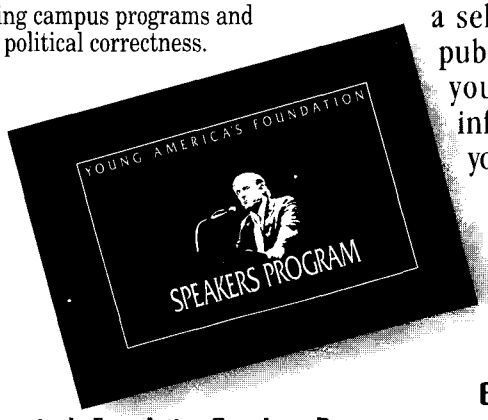
Free.

Now more than ever conservative students must be prepared to defend their beliefs. Knowledge and information are key weapons in this battle, whether it's understanding how to conduct a conservative speakers program, ward off "politically correct" administrators, or run an alternative publication. For more than twenty-five years Young America's Foundation has helped students with speakers, publications, training and advice. Now we offer the "Campus Activist Package," a selection of Foundation publications that can give you the know-how and information to promote your ideas on campus.

For further information call
1-800-292-9231
www.yaf.org
email: yaf@yaf.org

Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.



Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, M. Stanton Evans, Michael Medved, Walter Williams, Ralph Reed, Dinesh D'Souza, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

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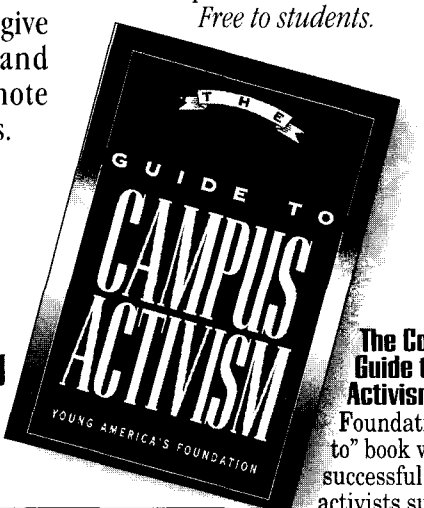

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. Includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conduct speaking events, fundraise, defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

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What's On The Minds of America's Leading Conservatives?

Popular conservative authors pictured above are (*left to right*) G. Gordon Liddy, Antonin Scalia, David Horowitz, Robert H. Bork, Andrew Ferguson, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Thomas Sowell.

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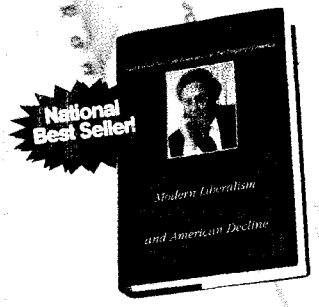

Slouching Towards Gomorrah

Robert Bork, one of the nation's most distinguished conservative scholars assails the unprecedented decline of morality in America, and points a finger at the culprit -- modern liberalism.

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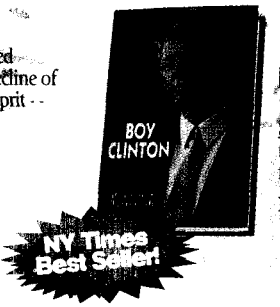

Boy Clinton

Blockbuster expose by the publisher of The American Spectator, R. Emmett Tyrrell has unearthed the truth about the real Bill Clinton -- including facts that have never been revealed before.

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The Divorce Culture

Barbara Dafoe Whitehead silenced liberal sneers in 1993 when she declared "Dan Quayle Was Right". Now, she elaborates on the theme and shows how the "divorce revolution" brought us exploding juvenile crime, child abuse, welfare dependency and drug use.

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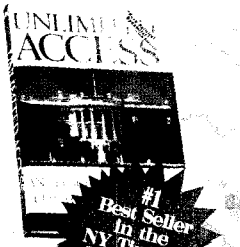

Unlimited Access

FBI Special Agent Gary Aldrich's electrifying account of life in the White House exposes a Clinton administration with a great deal to hide. Namely, drug use, rampant theft, open gay and lesbian sex, and widespread access to classified materials!

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Fools' Names, Fools' Faces

Collection of hilarious essays by Andrew Ferguson, senior editor at The Weekly Standard. "Prissy liberals habitually refer to candid conservatives as 'mean-spirited'. Wait till they get a load of this book." -- *Terry Teachout, National Review*

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Deliver Us from Evil

Ravi Zacharias believes that ours is a nation blessed in many ways but utterly blind to the source of evil which is surely destroying us. He exposes the insidious culprit and teaches us how to achieve the American moral revival we desperately need.

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"... what parents and teachers need to keep a sense of balance about our environment." --*Marilyn Quayle, from her Foreword*

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Congressman Richard Pombo and journalist Joseph Farah expose the outrageous land grab instigated by environmental extremists and carried out by Big Government. Learn here how to fight it.

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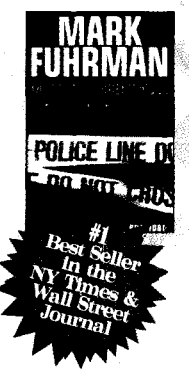

Murder in Brentwood

Finally, Detective Mark Fuhrman tells his side of the story concerning the brutal murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman. Packed with new and compelling evidence, this book leaves no doubt that the media destroyed an innocent man -- and let a guilty one go free!

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The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America

No serious conservative can do without this masterwork by George H. Nash. Originally published twenty years ago, this updated edition incorporates the latest leaders and developments in the Movement.

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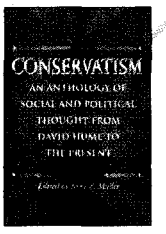

Conservatism

An anthology of social and political thought from David Hume to the present. "... a richly diverse, intelligently designed, and helpfully annotated introduction to the world of conservative theory." --*Thomas Pangle, University of Toronto*

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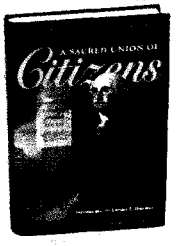

A Sacred Union of Citizens

An exploration of Washington's 1796 Farewell Address to the Nation - once ranked with the Constitution and Declaration in importance. Must reading for anyone concerned about the current state of American democracy and its leadership.

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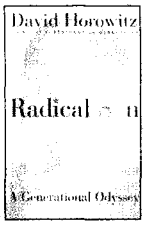

Radical Son

The moral corruption of the Left is a fact most conservatives are aware of. But few of us understand the depths of the deceit. Because of his background as a radical leader of the 1960's, Horowitz knows where all the bodies are buried - and he tells all in this powerful memoir.

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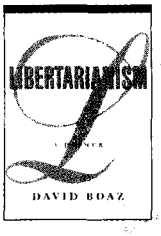

Libertarianism: A Primer

David Boaz, lifelong libertarian and vice president of the Cato Institute is uniquely qualified to bring you the key philosophical underpinning of the oldest movement in America.

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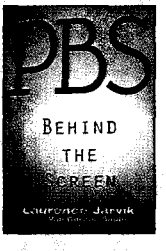

PBS: Behind the Screen

"Jarvik shows what a racket PBS is, how an elitist group of politically correct millionaires got even richer with tax-payer money. Even the biggest PBS fans will learn something new. Buy this book." --- *Rush Limbaugh*

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War on the West

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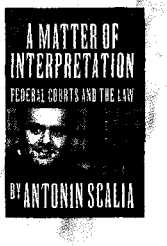

A Matter of Interpretation

Justice Antonin Scalia dissects the present crisis of constitutional law, warning that unless we retrace our steps away from judicial activism, we could eventually destroy the Bill of Rights and our freedom.

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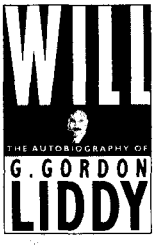

Will

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If a white man wrote this book, the liberals would lynch him. Find out why after more than a decade of research, Thomas Sowell came to the conclusion that some cultures are better - yes, BETTER - than others.

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The Coming Conflict with China

Bernstein and Munro present overwhelming documentary evidence that communist China has targeted the U.S. as its chief global adversary and is aggressively pursuing a well-mapped plan for achieving dominance. Chilling reading in the light of recent history and more recent newspaper headlines.

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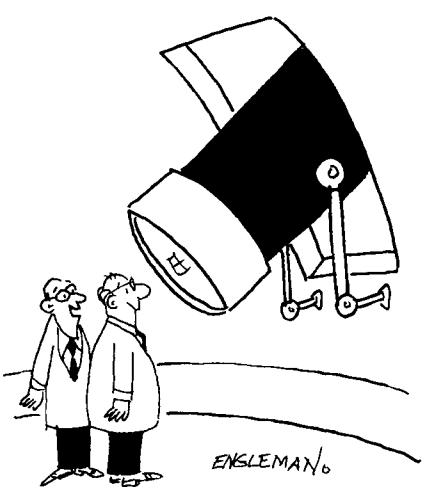
FOR THE RECORD

■ After President **Clinton**'s speech on race, Rep. **Charles Canady** (R., Fla.) says, "The President is right to call on the American people to work together to build one America," but adds, "Racial preferences are inherently divisive." Rep. **J. C. Watts**, (R., Okla.) however, tells *Time*, " 'Color-blind' is a cute word, but it has no meaning now. When you look at the number of blacks in Fortune 500 management, you know we have some work to do before we can even say we're close." Watts had previously voiced only tactical concerns about fighting preferences. . . . On *Meet the Press* **Jesse Jackson** sort of apologizes for calling **Ward Connerly** a "house slave" when the U.-Cal. schools voted to end racial preferences: "[I]f I said it, I do regret it, do apologize. . . . [But] what was painful that day was not just what was said, but what was done: a real move to violate the law of opportunity and inclusion." . . . **Thomas Sowell** on apologizing for slavery: "What would this apology do for blacks? Is a heightened sense of grievance an asset or a liability in the job market? In education? In human relations across racial lines?" . . . Speaking of old grudges: On Watergate's 25th anniversary, **Pat Buchanan** calls it "the overthrow of an elected president by a media and political elite he had routed in a 49-state landslide." But **Sam Donaldson** draws different lesson: "I think the system worked. **Richard Nixon** got his just deserts, I believe, going back to **Helen Gahagan Douglas** and **Jerry Voorhis** and other past Nixon campaigns"—which the Left condemned as McCarthyite.

■ New best friends? In *Wall Street Journal* interview, President Clinton defends **Trent Lott** from conservative critics: "I think he's getting a little bit of a bum rap right now. And I think **Gingrich** is, too. And I just have to say, in this sense, he has proven, first of all, quite effective. We've got a budget agreement. We've got a Chemical Weapons Convention." . . . Sen. **Rick Santorum** (R., Penn.) excoriates Republicans trying to oust Gingrich: "Two years ago I was wishing that I could be back in the House. Now I'm saying, 'Thank God I'm not in the House.' They're a bunch of cowards over there." . . . Profiles in political courage: Refusing to pander to Iowa primary voters, **Steve Forbes** calls for review, possible phase-out, of tax breaks for ethanol. Republican Reps. **Nick Smith** (Mich.), **David McIntosh** (Ind.), **Chris Cox** (Calif.) join forces in effort to repeal protectionist shipping restrictions. . . . Cost of Government Day—when Americans for Tax Reform calculates that Americans stop working for government—is July 3rd.

■ *New York Post* on report **Hosni Mubarak** kept waiting for an hour while Clinton did VH1 show: "So much for the President's claim that his pressing duties as chief of state make it impossible for him to respond to **Paula Jones**'s sexual-harassment suit." . . . Hagiographic profile of Rep. Carolyn McCarthy (D., N.Y.) in *NY Times Magazine* climaxes in her defense of vote against partial-birth abortion ban: "I started to think about gun violence—all this stuff came into play. If we don't back the mothers, what are we doing? The mothers who are having children. And having women have children who don't want to have children—that's the cycle of violence, which contributes to child abuse, and all the other things that go with it." . . . Rep. **Jon Christensen** (R., Neb.) opposes proposed pay raise and introduces bill to end automatic congressional cost-of-living-adjustments until budget balance achieved. Rep. **Peter King** (R., N.Y.) sends him note: "Dear Jon: Since I strongly believe that I deserve a significant pay raise, I will oppose your misguided efforts with all my heart."



"If you look closely you can see the Hubble telescope."

■ New crisis in Mexico likely this month when **Cuahtémoc Cárdenas Solórzano** wins first election for mayor of Mexico City, becoming no. 2 pol in country. He leads what remains an unreconstructed left-wing party although he has himself come around on many economic issues. Cárdenas campaigned on national issues, exploiting rocky economy, now facing inflation threat because of ruling party efforts to buy mid-term elections. . . . Indonesian Pres. **Suharto** answers growing congressional criticism of human-rights violations by cutting off American military training program, Washington's major effort to influence future events in the army-dominated regime. . . . Australian Prime Minister **John Howard** says he won't apologize for a program of forced adoption of some 100,000 aboriginal children in a social welfare program from 1910 to 1970 because "Australians of this generation should not be required to accept guilt and blame for past actions." . . . Prime Minister **Benjamin Netanyahu** wins another round in his effort to liberalize Israeli economy with resignation of Finance Minister **Dan Meridor**. . . . In Harare, Zimbabwe's Pres. **Robert Mugabe** told a UN Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species that the ban on ivory trade is "ecological colonialism." "We believe that a species must pay its way to survive; for us in the developing countries, our natural resources provide hope for a great leap forward."

■ Federal judge orders IRS to pay $250,000 in punitive damages to a Colorado woman after armed agents raid her family business, in apparent retaliation for insult given at audit. Mrs. Carole Ward reportedly said to IRS auditor: "Honey, from what I can see of your accounting skills the country would be better served if you were dishing up chicken fried steak on some Interstate in West Texas, with all the clunky jewelry and big hair."

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The Coming Clinton Catastrophe

Like a steam boiler with a defective pressure valve, the Clinton White House is going to blow sky-high -- and the effects will reshape the landscape of U.S. politics for decades.

-- R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor, *The American Spectator*

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THE WEEK

■ We, meaning the liberal media, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Watergate break-in this week. For those of failing memory or too young to remember, Watergate was the last scandal in American politics.

■ In the Administration's fight to end welfare reform as we know it, the Department of Labor recently ruled that the Fair Labor Standards Act (FLSA) should apply to welfare recipients placed in community-service jobs by state governments. This means they would receive the minimum wage, unemployment insurance, and a host of benefits that would make workfare programs prohibitively expensive for governors. In effect, this ruling guts the work requirements passed in last year's welfare reform. Reps. Jim Talent (R., Mo.) and Clay Shaw (R., Fla.) are pushing language to restore the work provisions by exempting workfare participants from FLSA. The two have encountered resistance from both the White House and the Senate, which is not only taking a pass on workfare, but providing major new funding for a discredited CETA-style jobs program. Unexpected, however, has been the squeamishness of Newt Gingrich and John Kasich, both of whom seem so afraid of union attack ads that they have flirted with allowing the White House to gut welfare reform. Gingrich recently complained that conservatives make the "automatic presumption" that someone is about "to sell us out today." It's a presumption, unfortunately, that the Speaker validated this time around.

■ Speaking at the University of California in San Diego, Bill Clinton averred that his life had been shaped importantly by the Koran. Oh, so that's it.

■ So battered is the House Republican leadership that it should qualify for disaster-relief funds of its own by now. Its plan to force President Clinton to sign an anti-government shutdown provision as part of the Midwest flood-relief bill had its weaknesses, but none that explain the unmitigated disaster of its execution: internal disarray, a non-existent PR effort, and, finally, abject surrender to Clinton. GOP House leaders think Newt Gingrich pulled the rug out from under them in the course of gift-wrapping an $8 billion "compromise" flood package for the President. What is clear is that Gingrich was too busy trying to rehabilitate himself with "visions" of the GOP in 2000 and beyond to devote much thought to what his party should do in two days. But the grumbling GOP rank-and-file bears responsibility for the party's plight as well. It embraced the bi-partisan budget pact, which has fortified both the President's position and the GOP's compulsion to compromise. It was the ethos of the budget deal that informed the "fight" over flood relief, and that will provide the background for the GOP's crucial effort to pass tax cuts. If the party stumbles seriously again, it could spell doom for Gingrich, perhaps even for top Republicans like Dick Armey and Bill Paxon—and ultimately for the Republican Congress.

■ A guy from Mecca phoned us, and said they had nothing to do with that Buddhist temple in L.A.

■ Charlie Trie and the assorted Buddhist monks dunned by Al Gore last year don't have much to fear from Sen. Fred Thompson's stumbling Asiagate investigation (they are either on the lam or ready to plead the Fifth). But conservative activist Carolyn Malenick does. Her crime? Spending 1996 directing the placement of "issue advocacy" advertising on behalf of two conservative 501(c)(4) organizations. Modeled on the huge ad campaign of the labor unions, her (perfectly legal) ads didn't directly call for the election or defeat of candidates, but they hit liberals hard. For that, Malenick drew the ire of Democrats, who have now hit back at her through the "bi-partisan" Thompson. Complying with the subpoena issued by his committee could cost Malenick legal bills of six figures. This has put a major crimp in her consulting—exactly what the Democrats wanted. If Malenick were an NEA-funded artist, this would be called a "chilling effect."

■ Louis Farrakhan says that Clinton is unacquainted with the Koran.

■ Eliminating the National Endowment for the Arts should have been a simple chore for the 105th Congress. House Republicans had informally agreed to wean the NEA from federal funding, with FY'97 as its last year.

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After a winter of public second thoughts—and impromptu meetings with Alec Baldwin—final funding for "orderly closure" seemed like a decent compromise. Now, as the Interior appropriations bill that includes NEA's funding goes to the full committee, an amendment that won in subcommittee worries defunders. Rep. Sidney Yates (D., Ill.) removed language in the bill specifying that the $10 million budget was to cover closing costs. What happens in the full committee, on the floor of the House, and in the Senate is anyone's guess. In this era of bi-partisanship, the First Lady's horror at a 90-per-cent cut in NEA funding may save its $99.5-billion budget—unless conservatives can muster the courage to stop saying *encore*.

■ New York governor and presidential hopeful George Pataki caved twice in the last month. First, he announced that the state would stop trying to collect sales taxes on gasoline and cigarettes sold on Indian reservations ("we respect your sovereignty," he told the Indians). Next, he brokered a deal to save New York City's rent laws, an "emergency" measure first instituted in World War II. With leaders like Pataki, the only way to free the housing market in New York would be to return it to the Indians.

■ Bob Herbert, analyzing California Proposition 209 in the *New York Times*, moans: "That noise you hear is college doors being slammed in the faces of black and brown applicants." In fact, while new policies at California law schools have reduced minority acceptances, they will not be instituted at the college level until next year. But there has already been a drop in minority applications to top-level California colleges such as Berkeley and UCLA. Opponents of race-blind admissions attribute this to the "unwelcoming environment created by Proposition 209." However, the application and admission rates at less selective California universities belie this conclusion. For example, at UC San Diego, the number of blacks planning to attend next year is up 31 per cent; the number of Hispanics planning to attend is up 30 per cent. At UC Riverside the number of blacks planning to attend next year is up 88 per cent; the number of Latinos planning to attend is up 31 per cent. Evidently, minority students, believing that race-conscious policies have already been dismantled, are evaluating their qualifications more realistically. Understanding that without preferences their admission to Berkeley or UCLA is unlikely, they believe—correctly—that they can get into the second-tier colleges. That noise you hear, then, is just Bob Herbert.

■ Who wants an apology for slavery? 1) White liberals, including Mr. Clinton, who expect it to make them look good. 2) Black liberals who will accept it only if followed by government spending. Thus Jesse Jackson called for programs to "close the gap" between blacks and whites, while Rep. Major Owens (D., N.Y.) began drafting an education and training package he calls a reparations bill. Where do American taxpayers go to get an apology from political symbol-mongers and highwaymen?

Tally-ho!

A plump and pleasing target
Is Gephardt's view of Gore.
The hounds, thick in the hedgerows,
Plus beaters by the score,
Produce a fearful flapping
As Al gets up to speed
(The fat ones flap the hardest);
Then Gephardt draws a bead.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ And when are we going to demand that Ted Kennedy apologize for the Great Society?

■ Britain's Tory party, demoralized by Tony Blair's ideologically elusive "New Labour" regime, has begun to resolve its divisions by electing a new leader. Europe was, and is, the most divisive issue but taxation and the welfare state are hardly less significant—indeed, continental Europe's statism and welfarism reinforce Euroskeptic antipathies. Ex–Finance Minister Kenneth Clarke, the most uninhibitedly Europhile of the candidates, believes strongly in social spending and denies that the government's share of the economy could ever fall below about 40 per cent. ("The trouble with Ken," went a local joke, "is that he's Old Labour.") The third ballot was between Clarke and the relatively young (at 35), relatively obscure (he had been Secretary of State for Wales) William Hague. Clarke then fatally announced an alliance with the furthest-right candidate, John Redwood, who had scored 38 votes in the second ballot. Commentators compared this to the Nazi–Soviet pact, and Euroskeptic rightwingers (two-thirds of Tory MPs) had visions of the Europhile Left leap-frogging to power on Redwood's back. Margaret Thatcher promptly endorsed Hague with barrack-square forcefulness, and he won by 92 to 70. Hague is a partly known quantity—a cabinet minister wannabe since his teens (see "From the Editor"), academically bright, an agile debater who has worsted Tony Blair, in the dominant post-Thatcherite, Euroskeptic wing of his party, yet with moral concerns more redolent of American than of British conservatism. His first appointments to the "Shadow Cabinet" suggest he wants a broad-based party led firmly from the Right. Early days—but a good start.

■ DEPARTMENT OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS: "[J. Robert] Oppenheimer was not a Soviet agent like [Klaus] Fuchs," the KGB museum director told Michael Chapman of *Human Events*. "But, yes, he did cooperate with Soviet intelligence. That's why his picture is here."

■ Taming the automobile, once sensibly regarded as a

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matter for the local city council, was touched on at the summit of world leaders in mile-high Denver. But just as politicians are moving to manage cars and traffic, road-builders want roads built by investors. At the Toronto meeting of the International Road Federation, speakers reported that governments are relinquishing responsibility for road building, and highways are increasingly run as businesses charging tolls. Even Germany, home of "free" motoring, is enlisting investors in 17 new highway projects. The post-Communist economic revival has spiked demand for cars, trucks, and modern highways. The Asian tigers are acquiring cars and highways like crazy too. All this irritates environmentalists and other progressive elites whose conventional wisdom is that people must use transit and that freight must use rails. While this makes sense in Manhattan, it is a lost cause in most of the world. Government should just get out of the way.

■ Cigarette machines are not so popular these days, the *Wall Street Journal* reports, so entrepreneurs are converting them into bait-vending machines. It is only a matter of time—perhaps hours—before someone sues for injuries suffered smoking a night crawler.

■ Once upon a time, the Disney name meant *Davy Crockett, Son of Flubber,* and *Snow White*. It was disdained by those who disdain good fun. Then other fare started issuing from the Magic Kingdom, especially from its subsidiary distributor Miramax. The Disney Company meanwhile began treating the homosexual lovers of its employees as spouses, giving them benefits, including freebies at Disney World. All this finally prompted the Southern Baptist Convention to vote a boycott of Disney and its works. The boycott is an attractive weapon, signifying a clean break, and liberating contempt. But it is rarely effective, especially on a broad scale. Embarrassment—as in Charlton Heston's campaign against violent pop songs—works better; so do boycotts targeted against specific products. It is also not clear what grounds a consumer has for objecting to the internal policies of someone who makes an acceptable widget. Must business be conducted by saints? Should churches emulate labor unions? Disney's bottom line is money. When *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* performed weakly—too lugubriously PC—the company issued a slapstick *Hercules*. The best way to handle Disney is to attack its occasional trash—and pray for its soul.

■ CORRECTION: "The Week" last issue suggested—based on comments Democratic National Committee General Chairman Roy Romer made during a Sunday talk show—that the Democratic Leadership Council has contributed money to Democratic candidates. But the day after the show Romer corrected himself. The DLC has not contributed to partisan political candidates or committees. In the same issue, Rael Jean Isaac's "Abusive Justice" wrongly identified Joseph Braga as taking the stand in the Snowden case. It was his wife, Laurie Braga.

■ A judge in Papua, New Guinea, has ruled that certain tribes have to stop using women as a unit of currency, and we'd like to see where he found *that* in the Constitution.

■ Mattel introduced a doll called "Share-a-Smile Becky," Barbie's wheelchair-bound friend, only to be met by protests from fully indoctrinated little girls who pointed out that Becky's wheelchair won't fit through the door of the Barbie Dream House. The toymaker announced that the Dream House will be redesigned for wheelchair accessibility. But justice won't truly be done until a new line of dolls is introduced, including "Share-a-Settlement Betty," the perky but aggressive trial lawyer who brings Becky's case against Barbie to court; "Identify-an-Infraction Bunny," the frisky but officious bureaucrat from HUD who inspects the Dream House for violations under the Americans with Disabilities Act; and "Sniff-a-Scandal Betsy," the cheery but self-righteous reporter who blows the whole story of capitalist insensitivity wide open.

■ In Teheran, Clinton has been nominated for the Salman Rushdie Award.

Cheap Talk on Race

IN the Nineties it has become fashionable among neoliberal politicians like Bill Bradley to call for candid discussion of race as a substitute for actually engaging in candid discussion. The latest practitioner of this bait-and-switch is President Clinton, who in his speech at the University of California at San Diego said not one word about the nation's foremost racial problem: the disproportionate involvement of black Americans in the tangle of pathologies—illegitimacy, violent crime, idleness—that defines the underclass, and the reaction to it by other Americans. It is not ignorance but an accurate perception of reality that lies at the root of much of what is now called white racism—which is why race relations will not be improved by pious exhortations that the majority adopt more enlightened attitudes.

At best, preferences help career women and perhaps ease the integration of black elites; they do nothing for the slums (a more accurate term than "inner cities"). More realistically, preferences prevent complete integration, both psychological and social, by institutionalizing an adversarial model of race relations in which minorities are encouraged to be perpetually aggrieved and whites to be solicitous in public and resentful in private. Preferences finally contribute to the lowering of standards in schools and at work. They are symptomatic of the condescending sentimentalism that is the chief obstacle to sound thinking on American race relations.

Clinton has never faced these or any other real arguments. He prefers to knock down straw men and score debater's points. In the former category is his claim that "the vast majority" of Californians who voted to repeal

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Clinton Goes Racial

When Proposition 209
Drew plaudits and the thumbs-up sign,
The President played Silent Cal;
Now, in a role recalling Sal
(The gal so frivolous with beaux),
He parries like Horatio
To raise a bridge the voters dumped
As Jesse Jackson et al. jumped.

—W. H. VON DREELE

preferential state policies mistakenly supposed that discrimination was no longer a major problem. More likely they concluded that more discrimination could not be the answer. Straddling both categories is this claim: "There are those who argue that scores on standardized tests should be the sole measure of qualification for admissions to colleges and universities. But many would not apply the same standard to the children of alumni or those with athletic ability." Nobody has argued against considering extracurricular activities and talents in addition to test scores and grades. What is wrong is making *race* a criterion for admission. The name for that is "racism."

Clinton's arguments *for* preferences are just as disingenuous. Reviewing the record of the armed services, he said, "So much for the argument that excellence and diversity do not go hand in hand"—ignoring the military's refusal to lower standards to achieve that "diversity." He warned that repealing preferences at some colleges and universities would lead to lower minority enrollments there. Well, yes: if you stop counting by race, you might not get the numbers the race-counters want. (Although UCSD's minority enrollments will increase by a third next year, without preferences.) Most insidiously, Clinton pointed to the record numbers of women business owners and minority professionals as proof that "affirmative action . . . has worked." Does he think none would have made it on merit? If not, why does he encourage others to think so?

The clearest indication of Clinton's insincere grandstanding is his claim, "I know affirmative action has not been perfect in America—that's why two years ago we began an effort to fix the things that are wrong with it." Two years ago Clinton said "Mend it, don't end it," and the courts dragged his Administration into sullenly abandoning two minor preference programs. That is the whole "effort," one that should be taken as seriously as Clinton's testimony in the same speech that "my life

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has been immeasurably enriched . . . by the beauty of the Koran."

The results of Clinton's commission on race relations are unlikely to be much better. Among the commissioners are former New Jersey Gov. Thomas Kean, the perfect token Republican for these sorts of projects, and Angela Oh, last seen during the L.A. riots explaining the need for Korean grocers to understand the people who burned down their shops.

Against this backdrop, Newt Gingrich's speech the same week seemed positively statesmanlike. Opponents of preferences have had their differences with the Speaker; just last month, his press secretary asserted that he defers to the views of black and Hispanic Republican Congressmen because they have a "proprietary interest" in the issue. This time, however, Gingrich was absolutely clear-headed about the relevant moral imperative: "We need to treat individuals as individuals." He was also more practical than the President, outlining a ten-point plan of conservative reforms, like school choice, that would address the real ills of Americans of all races. The fifth element of that plan was Rep. Charles Canady's (R., Fla.) bill repealing preferences in federal employment, contracting, and programs, now being sponsored in the Senate by Mitch McConnell (R., Ky.) and, in a pleasant departure from his recent pattern, Orrin Hatch (R., Utah).

Gingrich should be congratulated for moving the President's sterile dialogue in a fruitful direction—and encouraged to continue. As Anita Blair of the Independent Women's Forum put it at the press conference for the Canady bill, "We are tired of checking off boxes. We are Americans, not multiple-choice questions."

The Week in Verse

The toothless British Lion shows his age
In hobbling meekly from the world's stage.
Whatever happens now to poor *Hong Kong*,
He's not the one who'll be put in the wrong—
Though even *Mrs. Thatcher*'s sturdy knees
Went wobbly when she dealt with the *Chinese*,
Whose thuggish soldiers slither into town
As *Union Jack* and empire's sun go down.
Who have we now that can police the earth,
Suppress the pirates, say what money's worth,
And sell to lesser breeds their fearful freight?
The *Group of Seven* (lately raised to *Eight)*!
From *Denver*'s height they thunder good advice
And tell *Beijing* she really should be nice.
Yet let it not be said that they're afraid
To stand up strong—against restraint of trade
And for renewing *China*'s MFN.
(Who anymore remembers *Tiananmen?*)

How sad to see a once-great power wane:
A former champ grown feeble in the brain;
A lofty vessel slip beneath the sea;
A mighty engine stall; the *GOP*—
Who but two years ago ruled *Washington*
And now, instead of spinning, are the spun.
See how the zip has gone out of *Newt*'s punch,
How *Armey* cavils, Lott is *Daschle*'s lunch!
Is *Clinton* plagued with scandals? No one cares.
Incompetence unfav'rably compares.
Knowing he'd veto and they'd get the blame
For partisan maneuv'ring in the name
Of flood relief, forth went our merry band
And put a double vict'ry in his hand:
He faced them down and got the needed cash
While keeping his prerogative to trash
Them once again by shutting down the parks—
And dousing "revolution's" last few sparks.

—Juvenal

Tax and Spin

As we predicted two issues ago, the bi-partisan budget deal, with its limited provision for tax cuts, has set conservative constituencies against each other. The Family Research Council protests that business should not get relief from the alternative minimum tax since the original agreement didn't include it; other conservatives want to scale back the council's cherished child tax credit in order to make room for pro-growth initiatives. This infighting takes place in the context of a shrinking net tax cut. Now that the Senate Finance Committee has proposed raising taxes on airline tickets and cigarettes, the net reduction is about $74 billion over five years. And that figure includes the Administration's counterproductive college tax breaks.

Given the constraints of the budget deal, House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer (R., Tex.) has done about as well as he could have: indexing capital-gains taxes, providing modest estate-tax relief, restructuring the education tax breaks to encourage saving rather than debt. This was too much for House Democrats, who denounce Republican tax proposals for favoring "the rich," by which they seem to mean all people who pay taxes. They would prefer to give tax credits to people who don't pay taxes—creating, as Newt Gingrich has observed, an IRS-administered welfare program.

Clinton is likely to veto any tax bill bearing a distinctively Republican imprint. A veto would protect Al Gore from attacks by the Democratic Left, distract public attention from his scandals, and likely lead to further GOP concessions. So Republicans have, not for the first time, trapped themselves: The logic of the budget deal dictates that they try to accommodate Democrats in the hope of avoiding a veto; but even if they succeed in doing so, it will only lead to demands for further concessions.

How to get out of this fine mess? Even the deal's fiercest conservative partisans concede that it is only worth making if it sets the stage for future successes. If Republicans pre-emptively surrender to the avatars of class war,

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the cause of tax cuts, let alone comprehensive tax reform, will be damaged for years. Whatever their views on the budget deal in toto, Republicans should hold out for the best tax bill they can pass—which, in practice, will be close to the Archer bill.

If Clinton vetoes it, then he will have merely provided further proof that he is not serious about cutting taxes. A veto should be treated as a deal-breaker, and Republicans should prepare to fight for bolder tax cuts against an obstructionist president. Despite the GOP's efforts, the 1998 elections may yet be about something.

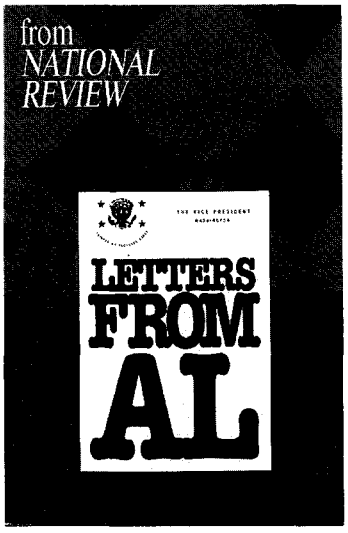
A Wish List

I'd love a correction, the '29 kind,
That catches the President (oomph) from behind;
Then—this is just fantasy—it would be great
If Newt did a redux and swept '98.
The icing, a gooey two inches, would be
Details of the mole, magnified for TV.

—W. H. von Dreele

Devolution

THE 9,300-year-old "caucasoid" skeleton exhumed in Kennewick, Washington, must be rolling in his storage locker. Scientists hailed the July 1996 discovery as the most important archeological find of the decade, but the poor corpse has been under lock and key ever since. Due to a 1990 law called the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, or NAGPRA, all archeological remains determined to be of Indian ancestry must be "repatriated" to their local tribes for reburial, becoming unavailable for scientific research. Kennewick Man was barely out of the mud before the local Umatilla Indians claimed him as their own. The problem is that he has white, European features. Scientists believe that Kennewick Man may represent a people who migrated from Europe over a North-Atlantic land bridge, only to be later subsumed by Indian latecomers. (Might the Indian-style spearhead lodged in Kennewick Man's side be a clue?) The Umatilla Indians would rather we not know. The skeleton will remain locked away as their claim



The Only Possible Reason for "Four More Years"

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"Letter from Al"—the hilarious *National Review* regular column featuring correspondence from Vice President Al Gore to his rain forest-dwelling pen pal "Rusty" (every other week he gets a too-funny and too-*true* rundown on Bill, Hillary, and the inner bumblings of the Clinton White House)—may be the *only* excuse for wishing "four more years" for you know who. Indeed, "Letter from Al" has proven such a hit that the first 25 Veep epistles are now available in a handsome, soft-cover collection: **Letters from Al**. It's funny, affordable (*only* $8.95, which covers *all* shipping and handling charges!), and available directly from *NR*. **Letters from Al** is something you'll definitely want to get for yourself, or as a gift for that special someone who appreciates unsurpassed political humor. Gore your funnybone—get your copies of **Letters from Al** *today*.

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winds through the courts in a battle that could take years.

Although Kennewick Man is clearly unrelated to any American Indians, the Umatillas nonetheless may have a case under a post-modernist provision of NAGPRA. It seems the 1990 law mandates that ancestry be determined by "geographical, kinship, biological, archeological" factors, anthropological, *linguistic*, *folkloric*, and *oral traditional* factors (emphasis added). Armand Minthorn, a tribal religious leader, testifies, "If this individual is truly over 9,000 years old, that only substantiates our belief that he is Native American. From our oral histories we know that our people have been part of this land since the beginning of time. We do not believe that our people migrated here from another continent, as the scientists do. . . . We're not afraid of the truth. We already know the truth. We're not telling the scientists what *their* truth is." Shamans one, science zero.

Eur Out

ANY hope that Western European governments would come to their senses and abandon plans for monetary union was dashed at the Amsterdam meeting of heads of state and their finance ministers. The Euro—the new common currency for Europe—is once again on track. But what track is it on?

The Germans, who want to avoid inflation, have pledged that the Euro will be as strong as the mark. The French want a weak currency in the mistaken belief that weak currencies create jobs. Amsterdam did nothing to resolve this issue. The Euro is a marriage of convenience between France and Germany, in which each thinks it will be able to change the other after the nuptials.

Marriages that start with this premise often fail; so do

Right Data

'CURRENT standards leave far too many Americans at risk, particularly children." That's EPA Administrator Carol Browner defending what will probably be the costliest regulatory action of the decade. The EPA wants to tighten air-quality standards for ozone, a/k/a smog, by one-third. It also proposes prohibiting tiny airborne particles, or soot, that are 1/28th of a human hair in width—75 times smaller than the particles currently regulated under the Clean Air Act.

Stricter standards will supposedly reduce by 250,000 the number of severe asthma attacks and prevent 15,000 of the 64,000 deaths linked to particulate matter each year. Yet the scientific "evidence" behind these claims is, at best, dubious. While deaths and hospitalizations increase on days when particle pollution rises, so do levels of pollutants such as sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide. An EPA staff paper acknowledges the impossibility of assigning blame to a particular pollutant when so many different pollutants rise and fall together. Moreover, although reported cases of asthma increased 45 per cent over the past decade, ozone and particulate levels are significantly lower. Could something else be to blame?

EPA ignores its own findings on the benefits of ozone. Recall a few years ago the agency touted ozone's screening effect on harmful ultraviolet-B radiation. Chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) used in aerosol sprays and air conditioners were banned to protect the public from a *decline* in ozone. Although concerns about the "ozone hole" focused on the stratosphere, studies show that ground-level ozone also significantly screens UV-B rays. In fact, one internal EPA study estimates that the proposed new ozone regulations will result in 3,000 to 4,000 additional cases of non-melanoma skin cancer annually.

WHO REGULATES THEM?
STAFFING OF FEDERAL REGULATORY AGENCIES
(Fiscal years; Full-time Employment)

	EPA	Other Social Regulation	Economic Regulation	Total
1970	**4,093**	48,427	17,253	69,773
1980	**13,045**	82,488	26,258	121,791
1990	**15,587**	71,764	27,289	114,640
1996	**17,028**	78,141	29,746	124,915
1997 (est.)	**17,693**	79,527	28,710	125,930
		% change, 1990–97:		
	13.5%	10.8%	5.2%	9.8%

Source: Center for the Study of American Business.

Tighter standards would put hundreds of counties out of compliance with the Clean Air Act. Administrator Browner acknowledges that California will probably have to abandon diesel fuel, which powers everything from generators to trucks, trains, and ships. Midwestern states dependent on coal-powered electric plants would also be hit hard. EPA puts national compliance costs at just $6 billion a year, starting in 2007. This is an egregious understatement; it ignores the fact that many states haven't even met the existing standards. An analysis by the George Mason University's Center for Study of Public Choice estimates the annual cost at $54 to $328 billion for the ozone rule and $55 billion for the particulate matter rule—orders of magnitude above EPA's numbers. Similarly, benefit calculations are distorted by EPA's choice of $4.8 million as the value of each life saved. (By comparison, the Department of Transportation uses a $2.7 million figure.) Benefits are also inflated by EPA's failure to calculate the number of years of life its new regulations would save. Individuals who die from higher smog concentrations are likely to have had pre-existing heart or respiratory conditions. Put simply, a regulation that adds a few years to a sick person's life should not be valued as highly as one that saves people in their prime.

Regulatory costs themselves affect public health. It is well established, for example, that mortality rises as income falls. OMB has estimated the trade-off as one statistical death per every $9 to $12 million decline in aggregate personal income. Using this relationship, the EPA's partial cost figure implies from 50 to 700 deaths each year.

Good news: states will have until 2002 to craft strategies, and 8 to 10 years more to implement them. By then the links, if any, between air quality and health will be better understood.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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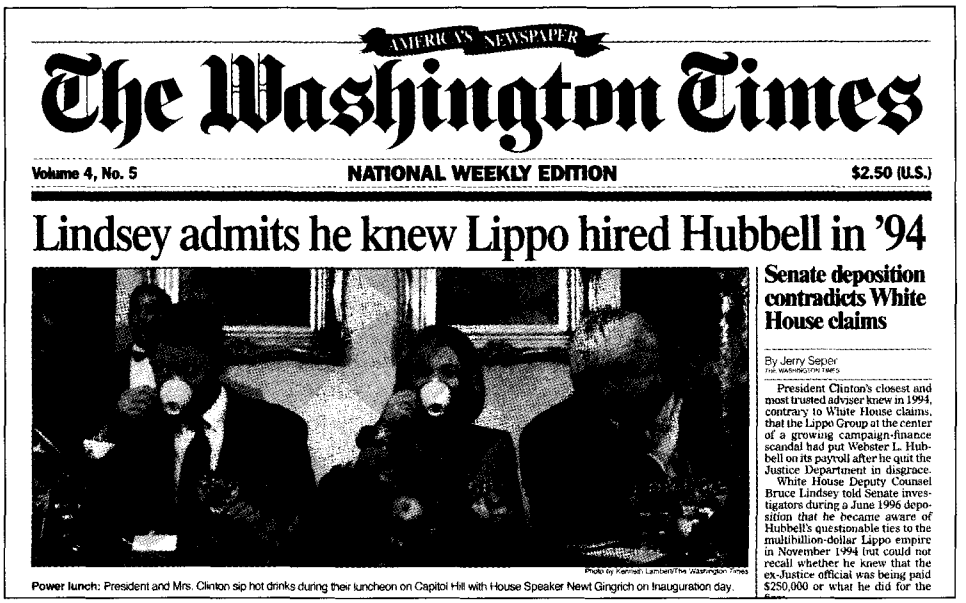

AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER

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Lindsey admits he knew Lippo hired Hubbell in '94

Senate deposition contradicts White House claims

By Jerry Seper
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

President Clinton's closest and most trusted adviser knew in 1994, contrary to White House claims, that the Lippo Group at the center of a growing campaign-finance scandal had put Webster L. Hubbell on its payroll after he quit the Justice Department in disgrace.

White House Deputy Counsel Bruce Lindsey told Senate investigators during a June 1996 deposition that he became aware of Hubbell's questionable ties to the multibillion-dollar Lippo empire in November 1994 but could not recall whether he knew that the ex-Justice official was being paid $250,000 or what he did for the

Photo by Kenneth Lambert/The Washington Times

Power lunch: President and Mrs. Clinton sip hot drinks during their luncheon on Capitol Hill with House Speaker Newt Gingrich on Inauguration day.

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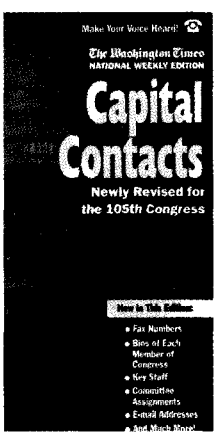

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currencies that are not based on shared principles. Ordinarily a currency gains strength when more people use it. For the Euro the opposite is true. If only a few countries join, hard-currency countries like Germany, Holland, and Austria are likely to dominate monetary policy. A larger group including Italy, Spain, and Portugal would support France in voting for softer policies.

Currency markets recognize that the Euro is likely to be an unstable currency of uncertain value. Many owners of German bonds do not want to become holders of Euro bonds. Whenever there are major doubts about the proposed start of the Euro in 1999, the mark and other European currencies rise against the dollar. When markets expect a timely start, European currencies weaken.

Europe's elites are determined to push the Euro along; the European public is, at best, lukewarm. But markets, not politicians, will determine whether the plan survives.

What Were They Smoking?

THE deal between the tobacco companies, the states, and the trial lawyers rests on a bad moral principle. The acidulous cartoonist John Callahan once drew a group therapy session for drunks at which people explained their vice: "I drank because my shoes were too tight." "I drank because I was named Corky." "I drank because I had an electronic machine on my back that forced me to drink." The joint explanation of the dealmakers is that Devil Nicotine, plus Devil Advertising, makes people start, and keep on, smoking. Therefore the companies must pay. Ironically, the very terms of the agreement undercut the premise. The companies pledge to reduce teen smoking by specified increments. If the monkey is so powerful, how is this possible?

The states and the trial lawyers hate smoking so much they propose to batten off it for years. The states seek to rake in billions for their health-care budgets and unspecified "other projects." (To the extent that smoking causes lung cancer, it actually lowers health-care costs by killing smokers off.) All this is in addition to existing cigarette taxes. First lotteries, now tobacco: what revenue stream will big government turn to next? Brothels? Meanwhile, the trial lawyers stand to make as much as $2 billion a year. Beats divorce work.

The tobacco companies signed the deal because they saw continuing profits at home and abroad, and some protection against litigation. The only conclusion to be drawn from their short-sightedness is that making cigarettes causes brain cancer. Will an ambitious little Jack Russell, like Mississippi Attorney General Mike Moore give up now? Why should the tribunes of virtue ever stop? The tobacco companies have agreed to a process whose end is regulation as a drug, and ultimately, prohibition.

The great shaky structure is unlikely to make it through Congress. The tobacco companies should give it a push by pulling out now.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Listening to NPR this afternoon, I heard you discussing English usage, as is your wont, I believe.

One of several topics which I heard discussed there was: how to replace "Dear Sir," in the address of a letter, with something more gender inclusive and something plural.

Here is how I solve the problem: I address health-insurance personnel or other parties unknown to me by name as "Dear Ladies and Gentlemen." If such description is not an accurate assessment of the recipients' behavior, such words will perhaps inspire them to live up to it.

I hope that this one small solution may be useful.

Sincerely,
Lois W. Wilcox
Manchester, Mo.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox: But the trouble is, Dear Ladies and Gentlemen just doesn't . . . fit certain situations. You are writing, say, to the IRS, asking a question or protesting a ruling. Dear L & G? Or your letter asks when will tickets be available for *Bluebeard*. Dear L & G? This much I concede, that you can get used to anything. In French, the conventional closing of a letter is, "*Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur* [*Mademoiselle*], *l'expression de mes sentiments les meilleurs*, (signed) Posy." Which proves anything can work its way into the ear, but it remains terribly hard on the generation on which it's first tried. I'd be grateful to readers who volunteered their own approaches to the problem, if different from your own, of how to begin a letter recommending, to Chase National, credit for an applicant. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Would that I may one day contribute more to The Cause, but as a humble detective for the soon-to-be-Willie Williams–less Los Angeles Police Department my resources are scarce. Your [fund appeal] sat on my desk for a month, neither acted upon nor pitched into the bin with the rest of the bilge I receive as a reward for subscribing to so many periodicals. I was at last compelled to contribute to the cause on seeing the cover illustration for your March 24 issue [the cover accused of racial bias] and, even more so, by Mr. O'Sullivan's response to the hue and cry which ensued. Few activities in life offer more satisfaction than raising the hackles on the PC crowd. Please accept my contribution with my thanks for your continued endeavors.

Dan Horan
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Mr. Horan: Thanks for your generous gift to NATIONAL REVIEW. We aim to please, including our honorable and coveted Asian-American readers. Cordially, **—WFB**

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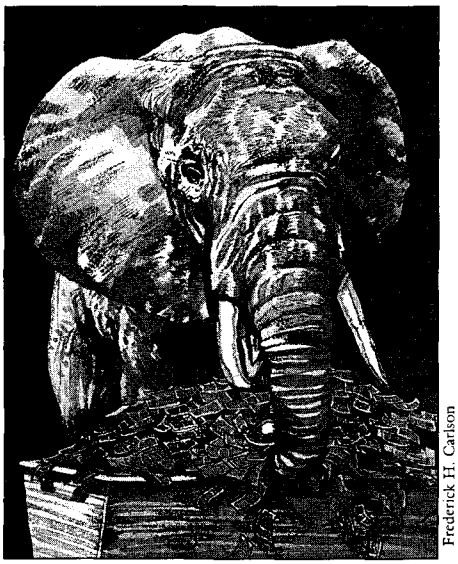
CAPITAL SCENE

Let's Spend Again

STEPHEN MOORE



Frederick H. Carlson

WASHINGTON, D.C

JUST one week before the 1997 budget deal was officially announced, the Senate Republican Steering Committee convened its pivotal Wednesday strategy lunch in the Madison Room of the Capitol. After unveiling the terms of the agreement, the lead Senate Republican negotiator, Pete Domenici of New Mexico, was confronted with scattered protests from the conservatives present. Phil Gramm of Texas began by going down phony details of the package. Next, freshmen Sam Brownback of Kansas and Jim Inhofe of Oklahoma voiced reservations about a budget package permitting a $70-billion increase in social spending in the first year alone. But neither Domenici nor Majority Leader Trent Lott seemed in the least disturbed by the glaring defects of the plan. After the contentious meeting, Domenici turned to one of the budget-deal skeptics and whispered, "You vote the way you feel you have to; we can always replace your vote with a Democrat's."

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.

He wasn't bluffing. As is happening with frustrating regularity in the 105th Congress, fiscal conservatives are finding themselves on the losing side of the battle. In the case of the budget deal, 14 of the most conservative Republican senators voted no, but they were replaced by 38 Democrats who voted yes. In the House, 26 conservative Republicans voted no, but the large margin of victory was secured by the 132 Democrats who signed on to the Clinton–Lott–Gingrich plan.

What is most revealing about the 1997 budget vote is not that the anti-big-government Republicans lost, but that there are so few of them left. Just thirty months after they seized power on Capitol Hill, the congressional GOP is in danger of morphing into what it took the Democrats forty years to become: a party obsessed with protecting the status quo.

This may seem an unreasonably harsh assessment of the GOP's record so far in the majority. But consider the following rundown on the state of fiscal affairs under Republican rule. The budget that Congress just approved will spend just shy of $1.7 trillion next year. This is more money, even after adjusting for inflation, than was spent by the Federal Government from the Revolutionary War through 1940. Republicans have now approved three budgets (FY1995–1997) that have allowed total non-defense expenditures to expand by $183 billion. In the three years *before* the GOP took over Congress non-defense outlays grew by $152 billion. But the trend is what is most troubling. In 1995 Republicans increased spending by $48 billion; in 1996, by $63 billion; and now the 1997 budget will rise by a minimum of another $70 billion. Furthermore, the $70-billion figure assumes unrealistically that next year there will be no floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, famines in Africa, alien invasions, or other crises on which Congress will spend extra money.

Now in defense of Republicans, it is true that expenditures on social programs would have been about $20 billion lower this year, had Bill Clinton not vetoed market-oriented GOP reforms in Medicare and Medicaid two years ago. But if entitlement spending is bankrupting the budget, why are Republicans creating new fiscal entitlement time bombs? Sen. Kennedy has called the $16 billion in new government medical programs in the budget deal a "down payment" on his (and Republican Orrin Hatch's) aspirations for nationalized health care for children. Sadly, he may be right.

House Budget Committee Chairman John Kasich valiantly defends the Republican budget record by showing that total federal spending as a share of national output is falling—and is expected to continue to fall over the next five years to its lowest level since the mid 1970s. True enough. But this is true primarily because of a continuing sharp decline in military spending—and you don't need Republicans for that. Federal expenditures on non-defense programs now consume a larger share of national output than ever before. Of the $70 billion in new spending approved for next year, every last penny is devoted to social programs: nada to defense.

Rather than cut spending, Republicans are becoming an excuse factory for their failure to do so. The most disingenuous of these excuses is Newt Gingrich's assurance that: "Frankly, we would have cut far more spending if it were Bob Dole or Phil Gramm, not Bill Clinton, in the White House." This isn't even technically true. The budget deal spends $4 billion *more* next year than the President requested.

Furthermore, it ignores the dirty little secret that a great number of Republicans are pleased as punch with the inflated spending in the budget deal. Indeed, 58 House Republicans supported an amendment by Bud Shuster (R., Pa.) to scuttle half the tax cut and use the extra money to launch federal outlays further into the stratosphere. Even Bill Clinton opposed that amendment.

But most importantly, Mr. Gingrich is simply wrong: Congress does not need cooperation from the White House to sweat out savings from the budget. Here's a quick Civics 101 lesson: Bill Clinton cannot appropriate a

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single dime of taxpayer money. He cannot spend money on Goals 2000. He cannot fund the National Endowment for Obscene Art, Midnight Basketball, or any of the hundreds of other waste dumps that pollute the federal budget. He can rant. He can rave. He can veto. But *only* Congress can spend money on non-entitlement programs. Conservatives should be clear on one point: Bill Clinton did not give the Legal Services Corporation $257 million last year; the Republican Congress did.

If the President vetoes whole spending bills in an effort to shut down the government, Congress can simply send him back line-item appropriations to keep the few essential activities of government operating. Controlling Congress has given Republicans the functional equivalent of what they have always said they wanted: a line-item veto.

This is precisely why commanding a majority in Congress is such a valued prize. The legislative branch holds the keys to the federal vault. That explains why liberal spending constituencies went into clinical depression after the 1994 elections. They actually believed that Republicans would do what they had been saying they would do: use their newly acquired budget powers to cut off the Left's access to the Federal Treasury. Their concerns were premature. Even after the labor unions spent $35 million against GOP candidates in 1996, Republicans refuse to terminate odious programs like the Davis–Bacon Act, an obsolete New Deal labor law which pumps tens of millions of federal dollars straight into the coffers of the AFL–CIO. This is aiding and abetting the enemy.

The budget deal spends $4 billion more *next year than the President requested.*

Still, Republicans are insistent that without the White House, they cannot impose their fiscal will. But why not? For most of the forty years that Tip O'Neill, Tom Foley, George Mitchell, and the like ran Congress, they proved entirely capable of unilaterally running America's fiscal affairs (into the ground), despite the irritation of having to deal with a Republican in the White House during most of that period.

The GOP's record on the budget is particularly disappointing given the heady promises made at the start of the 104th Congress. In April of 1995, the GOP's ideological high-water mark, Budget Committee Chairman Kasich muscled the Contract with America's budget plan through the House. It was a towering achievement by Washington standards. Three Cabinet agencies—Commerce, Education, and Energy—were to be eliminated. Hundreds of small government programs and several large ones—from the National Endowment for the Arts, to mass-transit grants, to the New Deal-era Tennessee Valley Authority, to the peanut-subsidy program—were to be canceled.

But since those feisty first days, there has been a gradual return to fiscal normalcy on Capitol Hill. Indeed, in almost every area of the budget there are signs of fiscal slippage. Two years ago Republicans correctly said: Shut down the Education Department; it doesn't add value to our schools. This year's budget resolution allows an 11 per cent hike in federal outlays for education and training. The House leadership is now circulating a truly embarrassing memorandum on Congress's "post-budget-deal" agenda. "The best role we can play is to make sure that at least 95 per cent of all education dollars spent in Washington end up in the classroom," the memo boasts. There is one word to describe this mush: Clintonesque.

What ever happened to eliminating the last vestige of the oil crisis, namely, Jimmy Carter's Department of Energy? For the past two years Hazel O'Leary and other DOE officials have formed an unholy alliance with western-state Republicans who have national laboratories and other energy pork within their borders to repel the budget cutters.

What could explain this Congress's failure to end the scam of foreign aid? After all, every poll for the past twenty years has shown that American voters hate foreign aid. And for good reason. We have reams of economic evidence that the $15 billion the feds spend on the Agency for International Development, the World Bank, UN development programs, the Export–Import Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and other forms of multilateral aid merely perpetuate poverty in Third World nations and underwrite corrupt regimes. Yet, virtually the first public pronouncement by GOP leaders at the start of this Congress was an agreement to surrender $300 million to International Planned Parenthood and other leaders of the global abortion lobby to promote Malthusian population-control efforts around the globe.

In March, House International Relations Committee Chairman Ben Gilman (R., N.Y.) convened a hearing on the future of foreign aid. Seven of the witnesses testified in favor of more funding. Six of them were on the dole themselves: the American–Israel Public Affairs Committee, the Irish National Caucus, Africare, World Vision, the American League for Exports and Security Assistance, and the nation's leading corporate welfare queen, Bechtel Corp. As *Investors Business Daily* reported: "The free-enterprise viewpoint on foreign aid got a better hearing when the Democrats ran Congress."

THIS year's foreign-aid bill is shaping up to be a catastrophe. Gilman's bill would give Madeleine Albright everything she has requested. An organization called Interaction, a conglomeration of hundreds of foreign-aid recipient groups, praises the Republicans for "passing a bipartisan bill that restores U.S. funding for international affairs." Rep. Gilman has circulated the letter in order to try to rally votes for his bill. This would be like the Chicago Chief of Police proudly showing off a letter of commendation from Al Capone.

In 1995 House Republicans pledged to "wage a sustained attack against corporate welfare in the budget whenever and wherever they could find it." Last year spending on 55 of the most egregious examples of corporate pork—including high-tech handouts to IBM and General Motors and foreign advertising funds to Pillsbury, Ralston Purina, and the dancing California Raisins—increased by 1.5 per cent. When Newt Gingrich was recently asked if the 105th Congress would make a serious attempt to slice out corporate pork, he responded: "This really isn't one of our top priorities. . . . And I don't like the term corporate welfare much anyway." Talk about a swing and a miss.

The unwillingness of congressional Republicans to capitalize on the public's hostility to Washington hand-outs to big corporations is inexplicable. It sim-

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ply bolsters the caricature of Republicans as being against welfare—unless it's welfare for the well off. So far in the 1990s, eight companies—Amoco, AT&T, Citicorp, DuPont, General Electric, General Motors, IBM, and Motorola—with combined 1995 profits of $25 billion (more than the GDP of many entire nations) have received $305 million in government welfare checks from the Department of Commerce and other agencies.

The 1997 highway bill is also shaping up to be a pork-barrel spendfest. The House Transportation Committee was recently expanded to 73 members, making it, according to a story in *The Hill* newspaper, "the largest committee in congressional history." Why? To ensure that more members than ever before can steer federal dollars into their districts for bicycle paths, tennis courts, highway ramps, parking garages, and other earmarked "road" projects.

AND so it goes in virtually every committee with jurisdiction over spending tax dollars. One sophomore member of the House Republican Appropriations Committee, who for obvious reasons insisted upon anonymity, complained that "for all of the talk about tight spending restraint in the budget deal, there sure seems to be a lot more spoils to divide up this year than last."

To camouflage the spending spree, Republicans have cynically reverted to the deceptive rhetoric of current-services budgeting—a practice Republicans ridiculed when they were in the minority. The 1996 GOP platform calls baseline budgeting "a deceptive and reprehensible shell game." Now we have Messrs. Kasich, Domenici, Gingrich, Lott, and others trumpeting hundreds of billions of dollars of savings in the budget deal. Right, and O.J. is innocent. Just for the record: The federal budget will grow by $220 billion over the next five years.

Yes, it is true, Rome was not burned in a day. It has been only three years since the Republicans took control of Congress. And yes, the GOP has much slimmer majorities to work with than the Democrats had when they ruled Capitol Hill. But by now, shouldn't some cinder blocks have been chiseled out from the New Deal and Great Society structures that have given us the largest government enterprise in the history of the world? House Appropriations Committee Chairman Bob Livingston (R., La.) points to 297 programs that have been exterminated in the past thirty months. These oinkers include the Solar Technology Transfer programs ($4.3 million), the Cattle Tick Eradication Program ($12 million), the House barbershop and one House parking lot ($2 million), and the vile Women's Education Equity program ($3.9 million). Good riddance to bad rubbish. But the savings add up to less than $3 billion—out of a $1.7-trillion budget. The big ones keep getting away.

Restraining the government is not nearly as Herculean a task as Republicans seem to think it is. There's no law of nature that says that Washington's budget has to go up every year. Republicans should study the period 1953 to 1956. Eisenhower and Republicans in Congress shrank the federal enterprise in absolute terms by 8 per cent—from $76 billion to $70 billion. Another good year was 1965. In order to balance the books LBJ and a Democratic Congress spent $2 billion less (not even accounting for inflation) than they had in 1964. If Republicans would simply declare that they are not going to spend more money in 1998 than in 1997, the budget would be balanced next year—and we could dispense with the insulting Alice in Wonderland five-year projections.

To be sure, congressional Republicans can point to some policy triumphs over the past thirty months. Since November 1994 we have been in the midst of a raging GOP bull market on Wall Street. Republicans may not do much, but investors love the fact that at least they can usually be counted on to do no harm. The welfare and farm bills that passed the 104th Congress are historic achievements—though Republicans in the 105th are already gutting key elements of the welfare bill. Later this year the Republicans will pass the first federal tax cut in 16 years—albeit a minuscule one. The budget deficit has fallen by two-thirds on their watch—though mainly because of continued defense cuts and a sizzling economy that's generating huge volumes of new revenue.

But we are still left with one unsettling question: Is the government smaller than it would have been if Democrats had retained power? Probably. By a lot? Alas, probably not.

The budget revolution has been a bust. After the bruising political battle with Bill Clinton in 1995, the government shutdowns, and the loss of public confidence in the GOP, congressional Republicans have lost all stomach for the fight. We see this reflected in the ludicrous statements by Gingrich and Lott that "Now that the budget is behind us, we can move on to other issues." This is a little like saying, "Honey, now that we're finally done having sex, let's get on with watching TV." Modern-day politics in Washington is nothing but a big fight over an ungodly amount of money. There *are* no other issues.

And so the national Republican Party now finds itself in a highly embarrassing predicament. While in the minority for all those years, Republicans railed against "tax and spend liberalism" and the fiscal recklessness of the Democrats. But to run for two generations as the party of smaller government requires that when you seize the reins of power, you have to start making government smaller. Congressional Republicans seem most annoyed these days with groups like the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, and others that are calling them to task for failing to do what for so long they promised to do.

For their part, conservatives can no longer be seduced by hollow Republican rhetoric. And they should stop making excuses for Republican failures. It only makes them co-conspirators. If today's government is too big and costs too much, only one party is really to blame: the Republicans.

DAVID Frum's analysis in *Dead Right* of Republicans' inability to shrink government in the 1980s is eerily applicable to the Gingrich revolution of the 1990s. Republicans, he writes, "lost their zeal for advocating minimal government not because they decided that big government is desirable, but because they wearily concluded that trying to reduce it is hopeless, and that even the task of preventing its further growth will probably exceed their strength." Hence, the 1997 budget deal.

Cato President Ed Crane recently called to my attention a fundraising letter from Rich Galen of the National Republican Congressional Committee. Galen writes: "The budget deal is a good deal. In fact, it is a *very* good deal considering who was involved in crafting it."

At last, if inadvertently, the truth about Republicans. □

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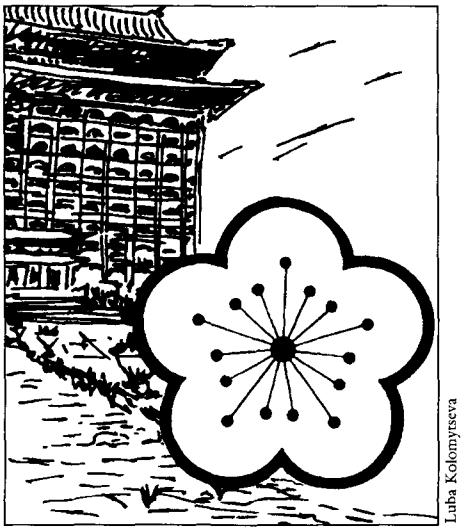
ON THE SCENE

Sunset in the East

ROBERT ELEGANT



Luba Kolomytseva

HONG KONG

EIGHT weeks before the Chinese marched in, Britain raised a last hurrah for its last Crown Colony. Under a rain of golden skyrockets Margaret Thatcher formally declared open the Tsing ma Bridge. The world's second longest suspension bridge is the key link to the enormous new airport on Lantau Island that will be the last imperial edifice of British Hong Kong—the last in part because of Margaret Thatcher.

As prime minister in 1982 she rejected Peking's demand that Britain transfer sovereignty over the entire 400-square mile Crown Colony to China. "A treaty is a treaty," she declared.

The Manchu Dynasty, defeated by British forces on land and sea, had ceded Hong Kong Island and later the four square miles of Kowloon on the mainland in perpetuity by two nineteenth-century treaties. By 1984, Mrs. Thatcher had bowed to the argument that Hong Kong was simply neither viable nor defensible without the 375 or so square miles of the New Territories, which had not been ceded but had only been leased to Britain for 99 years in 1898.

Besides, her advisors insinuated, British trade with China is bound to boom if we are accommodating on Hong Kong. Anyway, it's not a matter of self-determination. Falkland Islanders are British, not Argentinian. Ninety-eight per cent of the people of Hong Kong are not British, but Chinese.

Thus was made the decision to deliver some seven million souls to the mercies of a totalitarian regime that enforces its authority with the club, the gun, and the tank. No matter that Peking has already affirmed through its mouthpieces in the Colony: "It is necessary to restrict some freedoms for the sake of greater freedom."

That surrender had already been prefigured by the Foreign Office in a covert, unauthorized offer to Peking's ambassador in London to yield the entire Colony. Next week the People's Republic of China will take control of Hong Kong, calling it a Special Administrative Region. Not remarkably, some of Margaret Thatcher's impartial advisors now benefit substantially from trade with China.

The decision to surrender Hong Kong to China was in part racial. It was largely Chinese who were to be turned over.

Further, only ethnic Chinese will be citizens of the Special Administrative Region. My two Hong Kong–born children cannot claim Hong Kong citizenship, nor for that matter can my two Hong Kong–born grandchildren. Certainly not my Caucasian grandson, though my half-Chinese granddaughter may some day qualify.

Chris Patten, the last British governor of Hong Kong, unwittingly underlined the racial factor when he secured British citizenship for some seven thousand otherwise stateless Indians, as well as the few surviving widows of Britons killed in the Second World War. Patten also restored a moiety of the prestige Britain had lost through accommodating Peking, and he allayed somewhat the resentment of Hong Kong Chinese at Britain's leaving them to the mercy of the pitiless Peking regime. Moreover, Patten's long overdue moves toward democratizing the government were generally hailed. The authoritarian though normally benevolent British had comforted themselves for decades with the belief that the people of Hong Kong did not care how they were governed, as long as they were left unhampered to make money.

The British had by and large also believed the Communists never demanded the return of Hong Kong because the Colony was their chief source of financial services, technical expertise, and foreign exchange. The old hands had asserted: "The Communists don't recognize the treaties because they were signed under duress. So why should they demand the return of even the New Territories specifically in 1997?"

Echoes of such self-deception are now heard from businessmen willing themselves to believe the cornucopia will always overflow, and also from serious academics: "Peking will never do anything to hurt Hong Kong economically. Where else could the Chinese make so much money, find so many venture capitalists, or tap such great skills? Besides, the Communists want to demonstrate that they can rule benevolently so that Taiwan will in time voluntarily rejoin China."

The decision to surrender Hong Kong was in part racial. It was largely Chinese who were to be turned over.

Yet the Communists did demand the return of the entire territory in 1997. And they have already declared that they will alter fundamental aspects of the "Hong Kong system," which they had pledged to leave intact for fifty years.

Millions participated enthusiastically in the first open election of legislators. The Democratic Party, which dominates

Mr. Elegant's books include Pacific Destiny: Inside Asia Today.

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the present legislature numerically, did not, however, signally oppose the transfer of sovereignty to China. That was already a *fait accompli*—without consultation with the people of Hong Kong. But the Democrats' leaders have fought, albeit in vain, to retain the new democratic institutions. Like Patten, they originally believed that the elected legislature would survive the handover because it was in place and functioning. Patten also felt that Peking would not interfere significantly with a racially purged civil service that was already Chinese by blood.

PEKING has already put an end to much of this wishful thinking. The legislature has been declared null and void even before the new Peking-appointed regime takes over. An alternative legislature, hand-picked by Peking, will pass laws dictated by Peking after July 1. For the moment, however, the new regime will not interfere greatly with the civil service, insisting only that the officials be ethnic Chinese. That regime will happily utilize the reasonably efficient and reasonably incorruptible colonial civil service.

Of course, the alternative to robotic obedience will be dismissal—or worse. Another danger: the civil service could soon be corrupted, as are almost all officials in China, as corruption and crime spread from the mainland to Hong Kong.

Peking charges Patten with violating the Sino–British agreements on the future government of Hong Kong by holding the legislative election. Patten charges Peking with violating the agreement that provided home rule for Hong Kong. Besides, the incoming regime has already said it will alter or cancel laws that guarantee civil rights for free speech, a free press, academic independence, and freedom of assembly—all those freedoms that existed, even thrived, under British colonial rule. That abrogation was dictated by the National People's Congress, the Communists' puppet legislature in Peking. The hand-picked chief executive and the wholly appointed legislature that will take office on July 1 are already jumping at the crack of the ringmaster's whip.

The editor of the Colony's chief English-language newspaper, now owned by overseas Chinese from Singapore, returned to his office recently to find the conference room being converted to an office. When he asked why, he was told: "It's for your new advisor. He's coming from Peking."

So much for home rule. China has already radically altered the fundamental character of Hong Kong—after pledging that the system would go unchanged for at least fifty years.

So much also for the discernible future. No one can say what resistance, passive or violent, may spring from a public accustomed to individual freedom, a public made up largely of refugees from China and their descendants, a public that has repeatedly demonstrated its abhorrence of the Communists' gory suppression of any move toward even the most limited democracy in China itself. If Hong Kong citizens do protest, they may expect their demonstrations to be suppressed just as ruthlessly.

But what of the past? Briefly, it was mixed.

Having lived in Hong Kong for more than two decades, I have many memories of the Colony, both pleasant and unpleasant. The passion for ostentatious display of wealth has always irked me. I remember a dinner party in a grand house overlooking Repulse Bay some time ago. The entrance was next to the garage, whose doors yawned open to display not just one but two Rolls-Royces, that essential accessory of the rich. Round tables for 12 were set for a Chinese dinner with gold-mounted chopsticks and gold serving dishes. Gold watches were party favors for the men and gold orchids for the women.

The host was a very successful doctor who had made his pile treating the poor. His half-dozen storefront offices were staffed by very young doctors. Treatment was restricted to four mixtures in small bottles, labeled the Chinese equivalent of A, B, C, and D. For those mixtures the poor paid only the equivalent of ten or twenty cents American. But there were multitudes of poor who could afford no other treatment.

Surprisingly, the multimillionaire doctor was one of the first of the breed many now contemptuously call "Motherland lovers." He insisted that medical care in the People's Republic was much superior to that in Hong Kong.

In his case that was probably true. But at the time millions were dying in China of malnutrition and untreated diseases.

Despite such incidents, the last Crown Colony is loved by many whose chief interest is not the pursuit of wealth. Passionate cupidity is with good reason the defining trait of Hong Kong in the eyes of outsiders. But that is only part of the tale. Hong Kong could never have become the great economic success it is without a commitment to education, science, and, however odd for a crassly commercial community, the arts as well.

Granted that an expanded and efficient educational system was essential to train a great number of locals and refugees as clerks, foremen, and junior managers, as well as professionals. Such skilled workers are required to operate a modern economy. So did the Japanese government in the late nineteenth century decree universal compulsory education to qualify peasant recruits for a modern army whose artillery and rifles could put down the rebellions of brave and anachronistic samurai wielding long, beautiful, and now useless swords.

Such education should in theory be wholly practical. But the Chinese of Hong Kong, like their cousins across the border, are by inheritance people of the book *par excellence*. Chinese have for millennia venerated the written word, and they were ruled for millennia by scholar officials qualified by the world's first civil-service examinations. A number of Hong Kong Chinese were therefore lost to commerce and industry when they discovered music and literature, as well as pure science and the performing arts. When the curtain descends on the Crown Colony it will have more than a dozen universities and polytechnics, as well as museums, libraries, concert halls, science centers, and a planetarium.

WHEN I first came to Hong Kong in 1951 there was just a single lackluster university, nothing else. Yet even then thousands of students emerged every day from the shacks of clapboard, corrugated iron, and plywood thrown together by refugees on the bare hills. By some miracle the students' shirts and dresses were sparkling white and crisply pressed in homage to the privilege of being allowed to study. The educational system, growing almost as fast as the economy, was to offer opportunity and give dignity to millions of young men and women. Among them were not only lawyers and doctors, bankers and traders, but also artists, writers, and musicians, as well as dedicated journalists, if that is not an oxymoron.

Of course, Hong Kong has remained, above all, a frenetic center of commerce and finance. Never more so than during the past ten years, when so many have

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professed total confidence that the economy will continue to thrive, indeed grow even faster, under the new Peking-controlled regime, but have scrambled to make a pile before July 1, 1997. Conspicuous greed and the consequent inflation raised the price of a simple one-bedroom apartment in a middle-class neighborhood to $600,000. The market still rules, although it has for decades been manipulated by a land-owning government to keep land prices and thus rents extremely high. How else would the outgoing government have accumulated more than $60 billion in reserves to present to the new government?

Yet there have been many grace notes. All in all, the invisible hand has done remarkably well. When, as is all but inevitable, Peking restricts economic freedom as well as human rights, and shackles that hand, much will be lost. Not only commercial élan, but also human creativity and cultural achievement. □

The Road to Dystopia

DANIEL WATTENBERG

WASHINGTON, D.C.

DO you miss Communism? If so, have we got a vacation idea for you!

Wings of the World Travel, based in Toronto, has found a niche for itself in the competitive travel industry packaging tours to a unique array of Cold War flashpoints and fly-blown outposts of the old Evil Empire.

Wings claims annual revenue of $5 million from an estimated five thousand travelers joining its two hundred trips to forty countries. Wings does some eco-touring in the Amazonian and Costa Rican rain forests. But its favorite endangered species is international Communism. With trips to Cuba, Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Burma, and North Korea, it's a good bet that if the U.S. State Department wants you to stay away from a country, Wings wants you to visit it.

Wings has evolved a sniffy and euphemized lexicon to describe its philosophy of tourism. Its promotional literature calls its package tours "cultural adventures" and panders to the ideological vanity of its customers, whom it strokes as "cultural adventurers." Wings' credo? "One can achieve just as much—if not more—rejuvenation from immersing oneself in a new or unfamiliar cultural and geographic milieu as one can obtain from imitating a beached whale." It adds: "Wings' programs are not meant to be mere vacations."

Beached-whale imitators are advised to take them at their word: my eight-day cigar adventure to Cuba with Wings was no vacation—it was more like a long, twilight struggle with Communism.

Our cigar adventure was led by Wings destination specialist Kai Khasnabish, a stooped and mercurial ethnic Burmese. I don't know if Kai and his associates at Wings are cheerleaders for Cuban Communism because they are in business there, or if they are in business there because they are cheerleaders for Cuban Communism. Whatever the case, the Wings package tour includes round-trip air fare from Nassau to Havana, hotels, meals—and tuition-free political education. "If the people are so poor, how come they are all so fat?" Kai demanded over piña coladas in the Nassau airport. And another thing: "How come the longevity of the Cubans is equal to Americans—seventy-five point six years' longevity? And when in Batista's time there were nothing but prostitutes, how come there are so many educated people?"

Seventy-five point six years *is* a long time to go without a prostitute, and it should come as no surprise that the trade survives in today's Cuba. They are known as *jineteras*. Often highly educated young women, they mill in front of the tourist hotels waiting for Mexicans and Bahamians with coveted dollars.

Wings travelers tend to be ideologically self-selecting political pilgrims. Among my group was Bob, a public-relations man hoping to promote investment opportunities for American business in Cuba once the U.S. embargo was lifted. Bob refused to accept that there was no private enterprise in Cuba. "Everything is the state," our Cuban guide would explain. Bob would just dig in. "But the Italian restaurants? The Chinese restaurants? Those *must* be private."

A young Cuban asked Bob what New York City was like. "Boom! Boom! They shoot you!" thundered Bob. Can you blame me if after a few days of this I began searching the skies for Brothers to the Rescue?

While Americans, with certain exceptions, are barred from traveling to Cuba by the scary-sounding Trading with the Enemy Act, Wings claims that its trips are fully hosted and fully legal: They maintain a bank account in Cuba. You prepay Wings in Toronto. Wings pays for you in Cuba. That's the argument. I'm not sure the U.S. Treasury Department is buying it. After my return from Cuba I received a call from an embargo-enforcement agent in Treasury's Office of Foreign Assets Control, or OFAC. He pumped me for info on Wings and my fellow travelers, and suggested we have lunch. You can imagine my thoughts: *O, FAC.*

Wings publishes a quirkily polemical quarterly called the Wings-O-Gram in which it smiles on its unloved host governments. One Wings-O-Gram applauded China's leaders (for recognizing that "China still needs the discipline of a Communist regime") and Laos ("When the political system of Laos changed . . . to that of a Communist state . . . the prostitutes were rounded up and taken to a rehabilitation camp where they were tested and treated for any venereal diseases and then taught alternative trades.")

BUT since North Korea canceled Wings' trips due to famine, even Wings has cooled on the Kim dynasty. The Wings-O-Gram described the late Kim Il Sung as "an old man with who knows how many hardened arteries in his head" and his son and successor Kim Jong Il as "a cross between a bad Elvis impersonator and Ozzie what's-his-name—the Vegas lounge comedian with the perpetual bad hair day."

"We have problems with them because the guides there are too pro-government," says Kai. "They all the time lecture us by saying, 'Oh, the Great Man is doing this, the Great Man is doing that'—we don't think he's so that great." When the agit-prop just won't stop, Kai has a ready rejoinder. "We say, 'Hey, let's talk about some culture, huh?'"

So, get on the road to dystopia—and Havana, Hanoi, and Rangoon—with Wings of the World. The Communists are lonely these days . . . and beached whales need friends too. □

Mr. Wattenberg is a contributing editor at George.

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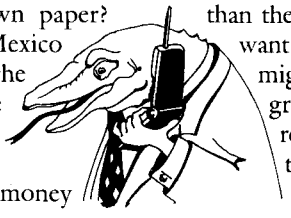
GEKKO

THOSE of us who have followed emerging market debt over the years, either out of greed or a taste for the bizarre, long ago identified a useful indicator about the future direction of markets. That is, are the locals buying or selling their own paper? Back in the days when Mexico was in the soup line at the IMF, you could tell the financial health of the country was about to turn when the offshore Mexican money started to put the country's paper in their Caribbean or Swiss accounts. At the same time Russia was in a chaotic transition from the old Soviet system, market operators noticed members of the old nomenklatura elite buying the Soviet Eurobonds. They knew that those bonds would continue to be paid, since some of them were the ones making the decision about what would be paid. Then of course there are the Nigerian promissory notes and the military chiefs there, etc., etc.



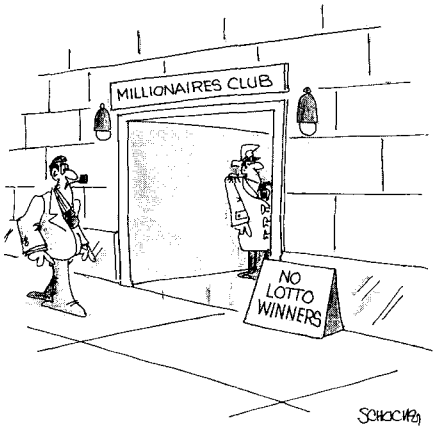
On the other hand, when the locals are taking their money out, you might want to consider whether they know something that you don't. Take South Africa for example. In the past month the republic has raised $1.5 billion in a revolving credit facility from the banks, as well as a $500 million bond issue floated in the U.S. by Merrill Lynch. South Africa is in the middle of a gradual process of easing controls on capital movements out of the country. The most recent liberalization was for small investors who want to take up to 160,000 rand, about $35,000, out of the country.

But South African small savers are not the story here. In brief, much of the South African business elite is taking its capital out of the country. That money is being replaced with the proceeds of bond issues and bank borrowings done either directly for the government or indirectly for state enterprises such as the national power company. In fact, for the moment, the foreign borrowings seem to be slightly outweighing the capital flight. The evidence for that is the relative strength of the South African rand, which has stayed pretty close to 4.4–4.5 to the dollar since the beginning of the year.

If the South African government were interested in the health of its mining and manufacturing enterprises rather than the convenience of the rich who want to get their money out, it might have encouraged some greater devaluation of the rand relative to the dollar. After all, the gold price has fallen by more than $40 an ounce since the beginning of the year. In the past, that would be reason for a rand devaluation, since the gold mines and other exporters get paid in dollars but pay expenses in rand. And since the advent of aggressive and successful unionization, those expenses have been going up. Naturally, this is leading to layoffs at the mines. Apparently, though, the government is oblivious to the effect of the strong rand policy, and hasn't noticed that it really benefits the people who are bailing out of their new society.

By the way, some of the better South African companies are already openly "expatriating." For example, Gencor, the most enterprising of the South African mining houses, is doing a public flotation in London of Billiton PLC, which holds its non-South African assets. Rand-Gold is doing the same with its Rand-Gold Resources PLC, a non-South African exploration company being floated in London.

So before you buy those bonds from Merrill—twenty-year bonds—consider the locals' true sentiment. It's not what they were saying in the road show.



■ Everyone's in such a good mood these days that it seems really uncalled for to raise any doubts about the market's blue-skies future. For example, the stock market is saying that we will have good growth into the indefinite future, while the performance of Treasury inflation-protected bond issues says there will be no inflation. The cover of *Wired* magazine has one of those ghastly smiley faces and hails "The Long Boom."

Maybe. I know that prosperity these days is supposed to come from software, financial services, and other inexhaustible resources, but eventually some of those huge options fortunes are going to be translated into bigger new houses and more physical goods.

All the monetary surprises that have come along in recent months have been deflationary surprises. But for this to continue, the political course in the slow-growth, high-unemployment countries of Europe—as well as in stagnant Japan—will have to continue indefinitely. I don't think that is likely. The French elections show that permanent austerity is unacceptable to the electorate. When the Euros start to reflate, there won't be enough slack to keep a high growth, low inflation economy going. Then you'll see some substantial Fed tightening, and that will be the end of our irrational exuberance. But not while I'm at the beach, I hope.

■ The people at Ed Hyman's International Strategy and Investment service who feed us data junkies have kept a close eye on consumer holdings in money-market mutual funds. As they pointed out, it is very unusual for a bear market to start while these holdings are at a high level, and right now they are at a historically high level. If you wonder where the liquidity might be found for any further rises in the major indices, this is one place to look.

■ The new French Socialist government has raised the minimum wage at a time of 12 per cent official unemployment. There is a near perfect correlation between rises in the ratio of the minimum wage to the average wage and the unemployment rate—but I guess that's just crude Anglo-Saxon thinking.

—JOHN DIZARD

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hel!!!

An Immigration Lesson

Though Wolfe assumed he'd finished off
Montcalm before his final cough,
The French, still undigested, stick
Inside the body politic
Like fishbones in an osprey's craw,
Homesick for Louis's Salic law.

—W. H. VON DREELE

"I played Pac Man once."

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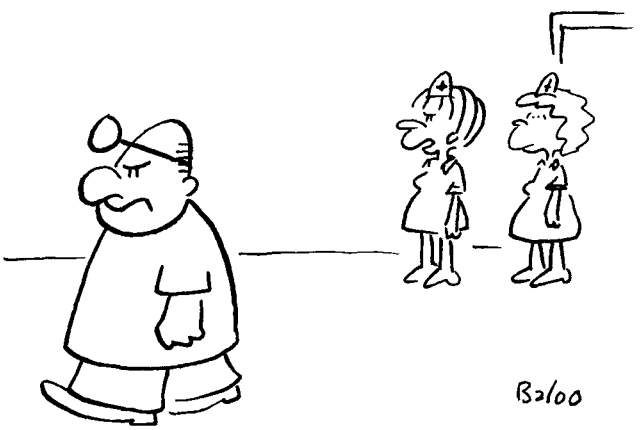

"Whenever there are four out of five doctors, he always has to be the fifth *one"*

"We'll have you out of there in no time, Winston. In the meantime, I'm sending down your laptop."

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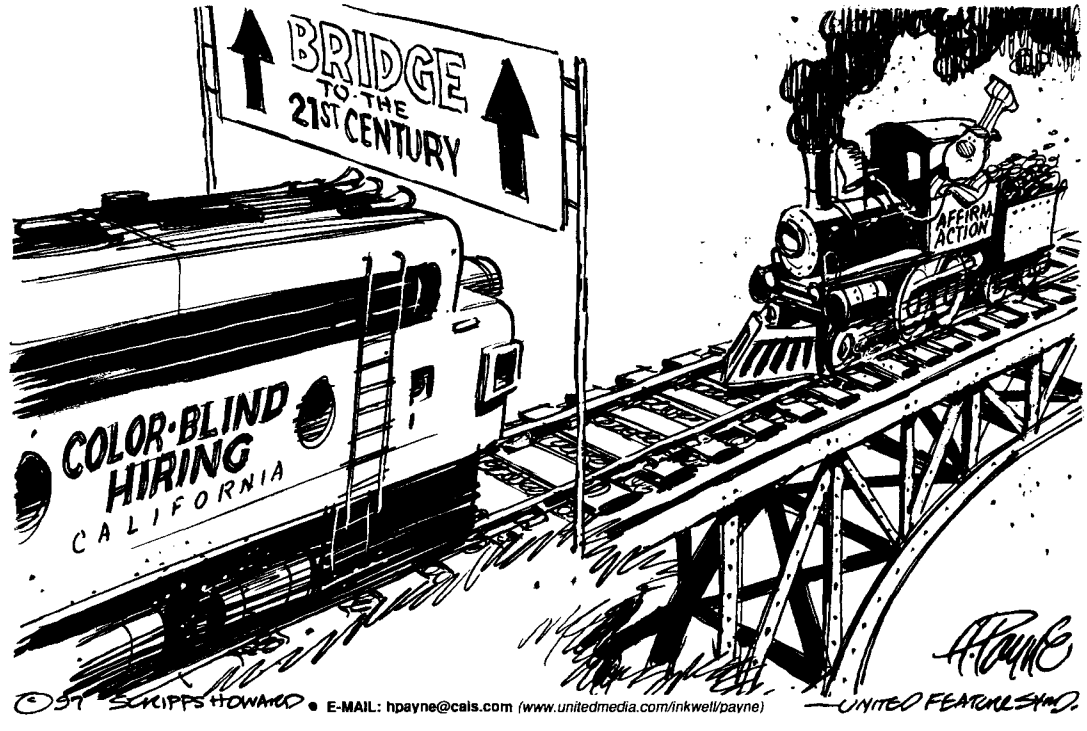

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Is Love Colorblind?

While interracial marriage is increasingly accepted by whites, a surprising number of Asian men and black women are bitterly opposed. Why?

STEVE SAILER

JUST three decades ago, Thurgood Marshall was only months away from appointment to the Supreme Court when he suffered an indignity that today seems not just outrageous but almost incomprehensible. He and his wife had found their dream house in a Virginia suburb of Washington, D.C., but could not lawfully live together in that state: he was black and she was Asian. Fortunately for the Marshalls, in January 1967 the Supreme Court struck down the anti-interracial-marriage laws in Virginia and 18 other states. And in 1967 these laws were not mere leftover scraps from an extinct era. Two years before, at the crest of the civil-rights revolution, a Gallup poll found that 72 per cent of Southern whites and 42 per cent of Northern whites still wanted to ban interracial marriage.

Let's fast-forward to the present and another black–Asian couple: retired Green Beret Lieutenant Colonel Eldrick Woods Sr. and his Thai-born wife, Kultida. They are not hounded by the police—just by journalists desperate to write more adulatory articles about how well they raised their son Tiger. The colossal popularity of young Tiger Woods and the homage paid his parents are remarkable evidence of white Americans' change in attitude toward what they formerly denounced as "miscegenation." In fact, Tiger's famously mixed ancestry (besides being black and Thai, he's also Chinese, white, and American Indian) is not merely tolerated by golf fans. More than a few seem to envision Tiger as a shining symbol of what America could become in a post-racial age.

Interracial marriage is growing steadily. From the 1960 to the 1990 Census, white–Asian married couples increased almost tenfold, while black–white couples quadrupled. The reasons are obvious: greater integration and the decline of white racism. More subtly, interracial marriages are increasingly recognized as epitomizing what our society values most in a marriage: the triumph of true love over convenience and prudence.Nor is it surprising that white–Asian marriages outnumber black–white marriages: the social distance between whites and Asians is now far smaller than the distance between blacks and whites. What's fascinating, however, is that in recent years a startling number of nonwhites—especially Asian men and black women—have become bitterly opposed to intermarriage.

This is a painful topic to explore honestly, so nobody does. Still, it's important because interracial marriages are a leading indicator of what life will be like in the even more diverse and integrated twenty-first century. Intermarriages show that integration can churn up unexpected racial conflicts by spotlighting enduring differences between the races.

For example, probably the most disastrous mistake Marcia Clark made in prosecuting O. J. Simpson was to complacently allow Johnny Cochran to pack the jury with black women. As a feminist, Mrs. Clark smugly assumed that all female jurors would identify with Nicole Simpson. She ignored pretrial research indicating that black women tended to see poor Nicole as The Enemy, one of those beautiful blondes who steal successful black men from their black first wives, and deserve whatever they get.

The heart of the problem for Asian men and black women is that intermarriage does not treat every sex/race combination equally: on average, it has offered black men and Asian women new opportunities for finding mates among whites, while exposing Asian men and black women to new competition from whites. In the 1990 Census, 72 per cent of black–white couples consisted of a black husband and a white wife. In contrast, white–Asian pairs showed the reverse: 72 per cent consisted of a white husband and an Asian wife.

Sexual relations outside of marriage are less fettered by issues of family approval and long-term practicality, and

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they appear to be even more skewed. The 1992 *Sex in America* study of 3,432 people, as authoritative a work as any in a field where reliable data are scarce, found that ten times more single white women than single white men reported that their most recent sex partner was black.

Few whites comprehend the growing impact on minorities of these interracial husband–wife disparities. One reason is that the effect on whites has been balanced. Although white women hunting for husbands, for example, suffer more competition from Asian women, they also enjoy increased access to black men. Further, the weight of numbers dilutes the effect on whites. In 1990, 1.46 million Asian women were married, compared to only 1.26 million Asian men. This net drain of 0.20 million white husbands into marriages to Asian women is too small to be noticed by the 75 million white women, except in Los Angeles and a few other cities with large Asian populations and high rates of intermarriage. Yet, this 0.20 million shortage of Asian wives leaves a high proportion of frustrated Asian bachelors in its wake.

Black women's resentment of intermarriage is now a staple of daytime talk shows, hit movies like *Waiting to Exhale*, and magazine articles. Black novelist Bebe Moore Campbell described her and her tablemates' reactions upon seeing a black actor enter a restaurant with a blonde: "In unison, we moaned, we groaned, we rolled our eyes heavenward . . . Then we all shook our heads as we lamented for the 10,000th time the perfidy of black men, and cursed trespassing white women who dared to 'take our men.'" Like most guys, though, Asian men are reticent about admitting any frustrations in the mating game. But anger over intermarriage is visible on Internet on-line discussion groups for young Asians. The men, featuring an even-greater-than-normal-for-the-Internet concentration of cranky bachelors, accuse the women of racism for dating white guys. For example, "This [dating] disparity is a manifestation of a silent conspiracy by the racist white society and self-hating Asian [nasty word for "women"] to effect the genocide of Asian Americans." The women retort that the men are racist and sexist for getting sore about it. All they can agree upon is that Media Stereotypes and/or Low Self-Esteem must somehow be at fault.

LET'S review other facts about intermarriage and how they violate conventional sociological theories.

1. You would normally expect more black women than black men to marry whites because far more black women are in daily contact with whites. First, among blacks aged 20–39, there are about 10 per cent more women than men alive. Another tenth of the black men in these prime marrying years are literally locked out of the marriage market by being locked up in jail, and maybe twice that number are on probation or parole. So, there may be nearly 14 young black women for every 10 young black men who are alive and unentangled with the law. Further, black women are far more prevalent than black men in universities (by 80 per cent in grad schools), in corporate offices, and in other places where members of the bourgeoisie, black or white, meet their mates.

Despite these opportunities to meet white men, so many middle-class black women have trouble landing satisfactory husbands that they have made Terry (*Waiting to Exhale*) McMillan, author of novels specifically about and for them, into a best-selling brand name. Probably the most popular romance advice regularly offered to affluent black women of a certain age is to find true love in the brawny arms of a younger black man. Both Miss McMillan's 1996 best-seller *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* and the most celebrated of all books by black women, Zora Neale Hurston's 1937 classic *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, are romance novels about well-to-do older women and somewhat dangerous younger men. Of course, as Miss Hurston herself later learned at age 49, when she (briefly) married a 23-year-old gym coach, that seldom works out in real life.

Few whites comprehend the growing impact on minorities of these interracial husband–wife disparities. One reason is that the effect on whites has been balanced.

2. Much more practical-sounding advice would be: Since there are so many unmarried Asian men and black women, they should find solace for their loneliness by marrying each other. Yet, when was the last time you saw an Asian man and a black woman together? Black-man/Asian-woman couples are still quite unusual, but Asian-man/black-woman pairings are incomparably more rare.

Similar patterns appear in other contexts:

3a. Within races: Black men tend to most ardently pursue lighter-skinned, longer-haired black women (e.g., Spike Lee's *School Daze)*. Yet black women today do not generally prefer fairer men.

3b. In other countries: In Britain, 40 per cent of black men are married to or living with a white woman, versus only 21 per cent of black women married to or living with a white man.

3c. In art: *Madame Butterfly*, a white-man/Asian-woman tragedy, has been packing them in for a century, recently under the name *Miss Saigon*. The greatest black-man/white-woman story, *Othello*, has been an endless hit in both Shakespeare's and Verdi's versions. (To update Karl Marx's dictum: Theater always repeats itself, first as tragedy, then as opera, and finally as farce, as seen in that recent smash, *O.J., The Moor of Brentwood*.) Maybe Shakespeare did know a thing or two about humanity: America's leading portrayer of Othello, James Earl Jones, has twice fallen in love with and married the white actress playing opposite him as Desdemona.

4. The civil-rights revolution left husband–wife balances among interracial couples more unequal. Back in 1960 white husbands were seen in 50 per cent of black-white couples (versus only 28 per cent in 1990), and in only 62 per cent of white–Asian couples (versus 72 per cent). Why? Discrimination, against black men and Asian women. In the Jim Crow South black men wishing to date white women faced pressures ranging from raised eyebrows to lynch mobs. In contrast, the relatively high proportion of Asian-man/white-woman couples in 1960 was a holdover

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caused by anti-Asian immigration laws that had prevented women, most notably Chinese women, from joining the largely male pioneer immigrants. As late as 1930 Chinese-Americans were 80 per cent male. So, the limited number of Chinese men who found wives in the mid twentieth century included a relatively high fraction marrying white women. In other words, as legal and social discrimination have lessened, natural inequalities have asserted themselves.

5. Keeping black men and white women apart was the main purpose of Jim Crow. Gunnar Myrdal's landmark 1944 study found that Southern whites generally grasped that keeping blacks down also retarded their own economic progress, but whites felt that was the price they had to pay to make black men less attractive to white women. To the extent that white racism persists, it should limit the proportion of black-man/white-woman couples.

SINCE these inequalities in interracial marriage are so contrary to conventional expectations, what causes them? Academia's and the mass media's preferred reaction has been to ignore husband–wife disproportions entirely. When the subject has raised its ugly head, though, they've typically tossed out arbitrary ideas to explain a single piece of the puzzle, rather than address the entire yin and yang of black–white and white–Asian marriages. For example, a Japanese-American poetry professor in Minnesota has written extensively on his sexual troubles with white women. He blames the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II. Presumably, the similarity of frustrations of Chinese-American men is just a coincidence caused by, say, China losing the Opium War. And the problems of Vietnamese men stem from winning the Vietnam War, etc. But piecemeal rationalizations are unappealing compared to a theory which might explain all the evidence.

The general pattern to be explained is: blacks are more in demand as husbands than as wives, and vice-versa for Asians. The question is, what accounts for it?

The usual sociological explanations for who marries whom (e.g., availability, class, and social approval) never work simultaneously for blacks and Asians. This isn't surprising because these social-compatibility factors influence the total number of black–white or white–Asian marriages more than the husband–wife proportions within intermarriages.

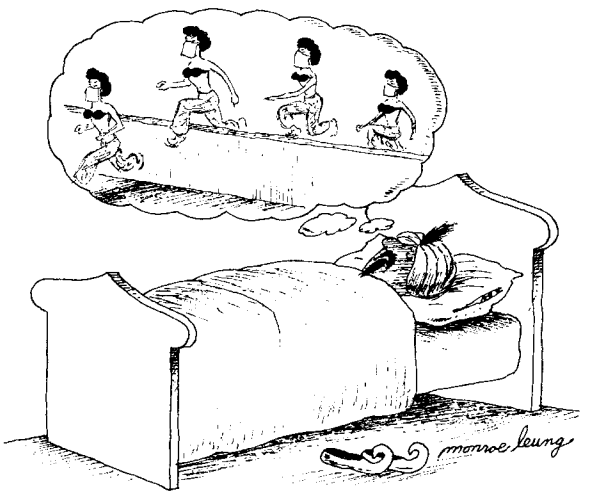
By emphasizing how society encourages us to marry people like ourselves, sociologists miss half the picture: by definition, heterosexual attraction thrives on differences. Although Henry Higgins and Colonel Pickering are so compatible that they break into song about it ("Why Can't a Woman Be More like a Man?"), Higgins falls in love with Eliza Doolittle. Opposites attract. And certain race/sex pairings seem to be more opposite than others. The force driving these skewed husband–wife proportions appears to be differences in perceived sexual attractiveness. On average, black men tend to appear slightly more and Asian men slightly less masculine than white men, while Asian women are typically seen as slightly more and black women as slightly less feminine than white women.

Obviously, these are gross generalizations about the races. Nobody believes Michael Jackson could beat up kung-fu star Jackie Chan or that comedienne Margaret Cho is lovelier than *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit covergirl Tyra Banks. But life is a game of probabilities, not of abstract Platonic essences.

So, what makes blacks more masculine-seeming and Asians more feminine-seeming? Media stereotypes are sometimes invoked. TV constantly shows black men slam-dunking, while it seems the only way an Asian man can get some coverage is to discover a cure for AIDS. Yet try channel-surfing for minority women. You'll see black women dancing, singing, joking, and romancing. If, however, you even see an Asian woman, she'll probably be newscasting—not the most alluring of roles.

Conventional wisdom sometimes cites social conditioning as well. But while this is not implausible for American-born blacks, who come from a somewhat homogeneous culture, it's insensitive to the diversity of cultures in which Asians are raised. Contrast Koreans and Filipinos and Cambodian refugees and fifth-generation Japanese-Americans. It's not clear they have much in common culturally other than that in the West their women are more in demand as spouses than their men.

One reasonable cultural explanation for the sexual attractiveness of black men today is the hypermasculinization of black life over the last few decades. To cite a benign aspect of this trend, if you've followed the Olympics on TV since the 1960s you've seen sprinters' victory celebrations evolve from genteel exercises in restraint into orgies of fist-pumping, trash-talking black machismo. This showy masculinization of black behavior may be in part a delayed reaction to the long campaign by Southern white males to portray themselves as "The Man" and the black man as a "boy." But let's not be content to stop our analysis here. Why did Jim Crow whites try so hard to demean black manhood? As we've seen, the chief reason was to prevent black men from impregnating white women.



So, did all racist whites a century ago make keeping minorities away from their women their highest priority? No. As noted earlier, the anti-Asian immigration laws kept Asian women out, forcing many Asian immigrant bachelors to look for white women (with mixed success). While white men were cer-

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tainly not crazy about this side effect, it seemed an acceptable tradeoff, since they feared Asian immigrants more as economic than as sexual competitors. But why did whites historically dread the masculine charms of blacks more than those of Asians? Merely asking this question points out that social conditioning is ultimately a superficial explanation of the differences among peoples. Yes, society socializes individuals, but what socializes society?

THERE are only three fundamental causes for the myriad ways groups differ. The first is unsatisfying but no doubt important: random flukes of history. The second, the favorite of Thomas Sowell and Jared Diamond, is differences in geography and climate. The third is human biodiversity. Let's look at three physical differences between the races. 1) Asian men tend to be shorter than white and black men. Does this matter in the mating game? One of America's leading hands-on researchers into this question, 7'1", 280-pound basketball legend Wilt Chamberlain, reports that in his ample experience being tall and strong never hurt. Biological anthropologists confirm this, finding that taller tends to be better in the eyes of most women in just about all cultures. Like most traits, height is determined by the interaction of genetic and social factors (e.g., nutrition). For example, the L.A. Dodgers' flamethrowing pitcher Hideo Nomo is listed as 6'2", an almost unheard-of height for any Japanese man fifty years ago, owing to the near-starvation diets of the era. While the height gap between Japanese and whites narrowed significantly after World War II, this trend has slowed in recent years as well-fed Japanese began bumping up against genetic limits. Furthermore, it can be rather cold comfort to a 5'7" Asian who is competing for dates with white and black guys averaging 5'11" to hear, "Your sons will grow up on average a couple of inches taller than you, assuming, of course, that you ever meet a girl and have any kids." In contrast, consider a 5'1" Asian coed. Although she'd be happy with a 5'7" boyfriend if she were in an all-Asian school, at UCLA she finds lots of boys temptingly much taller than that, but few are Asian.

2. This general principle—the more racial integration there is, the more important become physical differences among the races—can also be seen with regard to hair length. The ability to grow long hair is a useful indicator of youth and good health. (Ask anybody on chemotherapy.) Since women do not go bald and can generally grow longer hair than men, most cultures associate longer hair with femininity. Although blacks' hair doesn't grow as long as whites' or Asians' hair, that's not a problem for black women in all-black societies. After integration, though, hair often becomes an intense concern for black women competing with longer-haired women of other races. While intellectuals in black-studies departments' ebony towers denounce "Eurocentric standards of beauty," most black women respond more pragmatically. They one-up white women by buying straight from the source of the longest hair: the *Wall Street Journal* recently reported on the booming business in furnishing African-American women with "weaves" and "extensions" harvested from the follicularly gifted women of China.

3. Muscularity may most sharply differentiate the races in terms of sexual attractiveness. Women like men who are stronger than they; men like women who are rounder and softer. The ending of segregation in sports has made racial differences in muscularity harder to ignore. Although the men's 100-meter dash is among the world's most widely contested events, in the last four Olympics all 32 finalists have been blacks of West African descent. Is muscularity quantifiable? PBS fitness expert Covert Bailey finds that he needs to recommend different goals—in terms of percentage of body fat—to his clients of different races. The standard goal for adult black men is 12 per cent body fat, versus 18 per cent for Asian men. The goals for women are 7 points higher than for men of the same race. For interracial couples, their "gender gaps" in body-fat goals correlate uncannily with their husband–wife proportions in the 1990 Census. The goal for black men (12 per cent) is 10 points lower than the goal for white women (22 per cent), while the goal for white men (15 per cent) is only 4 points lower than the goal for black women (19 per cent). This 10:4 ratio is almost identical to the 72:28 ratio seen in the Census. This correlates just as well for white–Asian couples, too. Apparently, men want women who make them feel more like men, and vice versa for women.

UNDERSTANDING the impact of genetic racial differences on American life is a necessity for anybody who wants to understand our increasingly complex society. For example, the sense of betrayal felt by Asian men certainly makes sense. After all, they tend to surpass the national average in those long-term virtues—industry, self-restraint, law-abidingness—that society used to train young women to look for in a husband. Yet, now that discrimination has finally declined enough for Asian men to expect to reap the rewards for fulfilling traditional American standards of manliness, our culture has largely lost interest in indoctrinating young women to prize those qualities.

The frustrations of Asian men are a warning sign. When, in the names of freedom and feminism, young women listen less to the hard-earned wisdom of older women about how to pick Mr. Right, they listen even more to their hormones. This allows cruder measures of a man's worth—like the size of his muscles—to return to prominence. The result is not a feminist utopia, but a society in which genetically gifted guys can more easily get away with acting like Mr. Wrong.

George Orwell noted, "To see what is in front of one's nose requires a constant struggle." We can no longer afford to have our public policy governed by fashionable philosophies which insists upon ignoring the obvious. The realities of interracial marriage, like those of professional sports, show that diversity and integration turn out in practice to be fatal to the reigning assumption of racial uniformity. The courageous individuals in interracial marriages have moved farthest past old hostilities. Yet, they've discovered not the featureless landscape of utter equality that was predicted by progressive pundits, but a landscape rich with fascinating racial patterns. Intellectuals should stop dreading the ever-increasing evidence of human biodiversity and start delighting in it. □

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MORRIS FAMILY VALUES

See Dick Win

Dick Morris's campaign book provides crucial insights for directionless Republicans.

RICH LOWRY

WHEN the GOP cut a budget deal with the President, some reports had consultant Dick Morris playing Svengali to both sides. When Trent Lott defended Kelly Flinn, critics speculated the advice must be coming from Morris. In Washington, Dick Morris, like the summer haze, is inescapable; he's the butt of jokes on *Letterman*, a fixture on CNN, the most quotable pundit with the deepest store of inside dish. The pervasiveness of Dick Morris says much about the value Washington places on notoriety and self-promotion. But there is another reason for Morris's staying power—which is, quite simply, that he is brilliant.

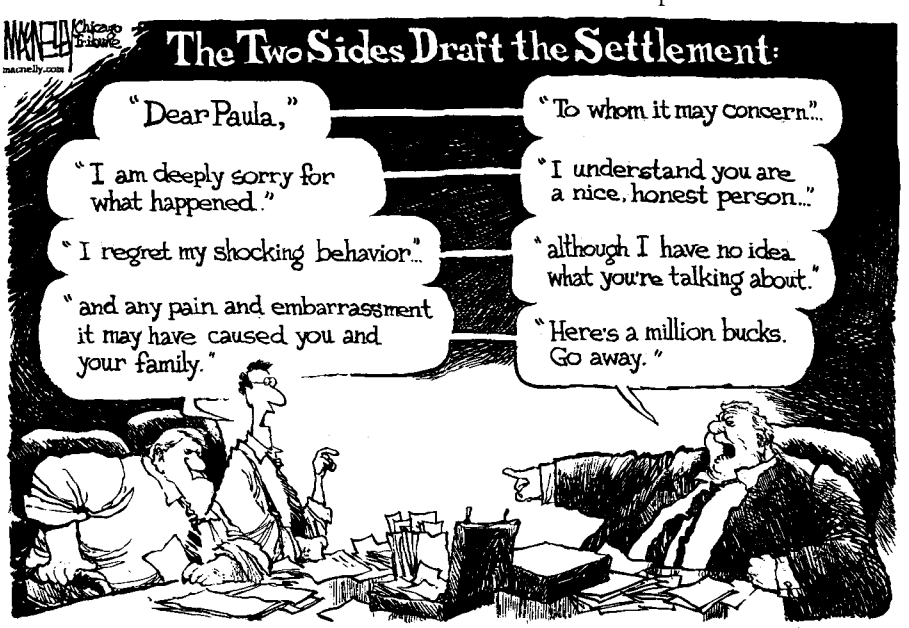
His book, *Behind the Oval Office*, is the best account of the 1996 campaign and the most accurate picture of the Clinton White House to date. It has nonetheless been dismissed by Right and Left alike. Ask Republican operatives if they have read Morris's book, and they're likely to look as if you've asked them if they've ever handled the medical garbage that sometimes washes up on the Jersey shore. Liberals, on the other hand, tend to attack Morris as an unprincipled self-promoter who peddles a drastic misreading of the 1996 elections—at best. According to Garry Wills, writing in *The New York Review of Books*, "Dick Morris is not only the dark side of Bill Clinton. He is the dark side of our whole political system."

Indeed, there are passages in *Behind the Oval Office* that can only be read with clenched teeth. There are the howlers like "While others may find publicity fulfilling, I enjoy the thrill of *not* being seen"—a thrill Morris apparently got over sometime around his second *Time* magazine cover. But his book offers two absolutely crucial political lessons: one, the slipperiness of balanced-budget politics for Republicans, which is really subsidiary to the second lesson, the preeminence of values in American politics. *Behind the Oval Office* is an invaluable guide not just to the GOP's collapse in 1995–96, but to the party's continuing crisis at the national level.

Morris waged a fierce fight within the White House in the spring of 1995 to get Clinton to endorse a balanced budget. The consultant's dead-on strategic insight was "As long as the Republicans had an exclusive franchise as budget balancers, they could justify any cuts they wished." Savings in Medicare, Medicaid, college scholarships were all "[u]nfortunate, but necessary, in the public's view if these cuts were needed to balance the budget. On the other hand, these cuts would be politically unforgivable if the budget could be balanced by other spending reductions, ones that did not sacrifice our core values." When Clinton finally—over the opposition of liberal aides—committed to a balanced budget in a June 1995 speech, it made it possible for him to turn on the GOP budget plan with a vengeance.

Congressional Republicans, of course, made the White House's job much easier with a series of spectacular tactical errors. But it was Clinton's strategic pivot that did the fundamental damage. Morris quotes the President as saying of Republicans: "You always have to remember that their goal, their goal, . . . their *goal* is to dismantle Medicaid and Medicare and spending on federal education and environmental enforcement. Balancing the budget? Cutting taxes? Those are just means to the end." Well, yes. For small-government conservatives, like Sen. Phil Gramm, the deficit has always been a proxy to force otherwise hard-to-sell cuts in spending. But once they lost their exclusive franchise on balancing the budget, Republicans had no language with which to sell limited government, and it has been headlong retreat ever since.

The second key Morris insight was the importance of values to voters. Morris describes how his pollster Mark Penn asked voters a series of five questions about their attitudes toward moral issues like premarital sex and homosexual conduct. "When Penn correlated these results, he found that they accurately predicted whom the respondents would vote for in the presidential election!"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"I am deeply sorry for what happened."
"I regret my shocking behavior..."
"and any pain and embarrassment it may have caused you and your family."
"To whom it may concern"...
"I understand you are a nice, honest person..."
"although I have no idea what you're talking about."
"Here's a million bucks. Go away."

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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Which created a demographic problem for Clinton: "At a strategy meeting in July, Penn explained it rather harshly to Clinton, 'If someone is single, we can count on their vote. If they've been married and divorced, separated, or widowed, they'll vote for us, but not quite as heavily. Once voters marry, we begin to lose them. Once they have children, they're likely to be for Dole.' This was a damning analysis."

In response, the Clinton White House jettisoned all the traditional Democratic talk of the distribution of wealth and other New Deal–type economic issues. It instead cast the budget battle in terms of protecting common values, carrying out our duty to our parents, providing opportunity for our children, etc. By January 1996—when congressional Republicans were still sputtering on about the Congressional Budget Office—the White House correctly judged that people were "bored" by the budget, and proceeded to craft a State of the Union address that hinged almost entirely on small-scale initiatives like the V-chip meant to illustrate a commitment to traditional values. Morris credits the speech with transforming Clinton from a minority to majority President.

MORRIS is wont to emphasize how early Clinton locked up his re-election, as you would expect of a consultant who got the can some two months before election day. But Clinton did carry his State of the Union bounce almost straight through to November 5, mostly because Republicans refused to fight over the values issues. It's a lapse Morris finds stunning. "[Dole] could have stolen our advocacy of values issues because he was a Republican and had a better claim to them than we did," he writes. Dole momentarily—only momentarily—got it right when he attacked Hollywood in May 1995. Morris thinks choosing Bill Bennett as the running-mate would have won back ground on values, but Dole instead chose Jack Kemp, whose range is strictly limited to diversity and the capital-gains tax cut.

Morris also marvels—in a passage that could have been culled from an *NR* editorial—at Dole's failure to hammer away at issues like school choice or a moratorium on immigration that Clinton's "interest-group support wouldn't let him touch." He attributes the lackluster Dole campaign to two factors. One is fat GOP consultants, many of whom haven't had a new idea since Ronald Reagan made their reputations in the 1980s. The other runs deeper: "If you are in their line of fire, [Republicans] are deadly. Raise taxes, go soft on crime, oppose work for welfare, weaken the military? They're all over you yelling 'liberal.' If you wander into their line of fire, they're going to kill you every time. But they have no other game plan."

Which goes to the fundamental difficulties the national GOP faces today. Without a tax increase or a massive health-care program to attack, the GOP doesn't have much to say—apart from how much it likes education spending too. Morris argues that "Republicans had always formed their ideology around individualism and personal liberty," while Clinton now "was offering an alternative: a focus on community." This values-laden evocation of community—stripped of its liberal vulnerabilities—will trump GOP libertarianism (or federalism) every time.

In fact, it has made it conceivable that President Clinton can create a re-tooled and revitalized liberalism. The bi-partisan budget deal is a large step in that direction, with its domestic spending increases, new entitlements, and social spending through the tax code (the tuition and child tax credits). The future success of the GOP against this repackaged liberalism hinges, first, on its ability to evoke community in its own way; John O'Sullivan has outlined how the "national question" provides a natural cluster of these issues for Republicans. Second, the GOP must find "consensus breakers," issues large and stark enough to shatter the often sham national consensus Clinton rode to re-election (the notion that all the big questions have been decided in American politics is a crucial part of the Morris vision).

Indeed, much of Morris's work on behalf of Clinton was spent de-activating political bombs. On school prayer, when the Clinton Administration outlined what religious-related activities were already permitted on school grounds, "the entire issue seemed to go away." On race preferences, Clinton "defused the issue politically by promising to reform affirmative action to eliminate racial quotas." The tactic employed again and again is to create an image of action that masks the fact that nothing much really is happening. Morris is a great believer in fakery, in the idea that saying it makes it so because it moves the poll numbers.

This is the Morris approach to the budget, which he maintains can be balanced without touching any major liberal priorities. It can't, of course. Politicians can only *pretend* to bring it into balance in some far-off year—i.e., 2002. In a telling moment during one internal budget dispute, when Morris is arguing for a seven-year, CBO-scored budget that still protects all the President's priorities, George Stephanopoulos tells him: "Your numbers are full of s—. You don't know what you're talking about." The numbers are still full of s—; it just happens that now both parties are making a show of believing them. (The ultimate in Morris make-believe politics comes when he urges Clinton to send in the National Guard to protect black churches in the South.)

The success of the GOP against this re-packaged liberalism hinges on its ability to evoke community.

This status-quo politics of defuse-and-deflect has some natural limits. Clinton had enormous help from external conditions in 1996, running during a peacetime economic boom. There is no guarantee that circumstances will continue to do their part to maintain the Morris–Clinton consensus. Nor is it possible to deflect every challenge to the established order. Sometime next year, someone—perhaps a group of young Turks in the House, or a Republican presidential aspirant—will notice that the federal deficit has actually gone up. Or by 1998—with copycats of the California Civil Rights Initiative percolating in other states—someone will point out the practical meaninglessness and moral bankruptcy of Clinton's "mend it, don't end it" policy on affirmative action.

When real principles are at stake in a political fight—as in the partial-birth abortion debate—obfuscation loses some of its force. That's why it is so crucial that Republicans prevent the bright lines between the parties from being blurred. Instead, of course, congressional Republicans have now made erasing the lines a matter of party policy: the GOP has yet to wean itself from—indeed has invested even more in—the

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2002 balanced budget trap and still lacks a values language of its own. In the meantime, President Clinton has a chance to remake his party in the image of his balanced-budget liberalism. It's a potential second wind for progressivism almost unimaginable three years ago, and it probably wouldn't have happened without Dick Morris. Count Garry Wills an ingrate. □

Death Wars

As euthanasia advocates press their case, the moral health of the country is at stake.

WESLEY J. SMITH

THE struggle over legalizing euthanasia is not just another public-policy debate. As in the national convulsion over slavery in the last century, nothing less is at stake than our view of human life—from which spring our defining values, our ethics, and indeed, the very nature of the society we will create for our descendants.

There are grounds for alarm in the extent to which advocates of euthanasia and assisted suicide—the death culture—have succeeded in the last ten years in undermining the traditional Western ethic that views all people as having been born with equal moral worth. As a result of the death culture's efforts, the "inalienable" right to life, identified by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, has less resonance among many than a so-called right to die.

Most of the damage has been done through the courts. In 1995, two lawsuits were filed in New York and Washington State by a handful of terminally ill people and doctors claiming that state laws that made assisting in suicide a criminal offense were unconstitutional. Not too many years ago these cases would have been laughed out of court. But never underestimate the power of activist judges. When these cases came to trial in 1996, the Ninth and Second United States Circuit Courts of Appeal found, for differing and conflicting reasons, that there is a legally enforceable right to commit suicide lurking somewhere in the Constitution—which forced the issue to be taken up by the Supreme Court of the United States.

These courts acted in direct contrast to the Michigan Supreme Court, which in 1994 had ruled in one of the Kevorkian cases that there is nothing to be found in the U.S. Constitution that creates a right to be killed by a doctor. At that time, Kevorkian sought review by the U.S. Supreme Court but was rejected out of hand. When the Supreme Court did agree to hear the federal cases, but then, at the oral argument, most of the justices appeared hostile to mandating a constitutional right to die, legal observers concluded that there would be no *Roe* v. *Wade* for euthanasia.

But that is less comforting than it might sound. Winning in the Supreme Court as it is now constituted was always a long shot for proponents of euthanasia. But winning wasn't necessarily the point. Rather, the goal was to elevate the euthanasia cause from the tabloid headlines reporting Kevorkian's exploits to the legitimacy of having the highest court in the land respectfully deliberate over the radical notion that suicide is a legally enforceable right. Whatever the Court decides (and its decision could be issued by the time this article is read), the tactic has worked. Euthanasia proponents reaped a harvest of favorable press reports, editorial endorsements, and television exposure.

The death culture received another judicial boost in Florida earlier this year when a judge granted an AIDS patient's request to have his suicide facilitated by a doctor. Never mind that the patient did not bring the lawsuit spontaneously. The suit was sponsored by the Hemlock Society of Florida and the ACLU, which had advertised to find an appropriate plaintiff and then auditioned potential litigants to determine their ability to testify compellingly, as if the case were a Broadway play. And never mind that the doctor in question is not the plaintiff's personal physician. In a truly disturbing decision using *1984*–style Newspeak, the judge ruled that killing is a form of "medical treatment" protected by Florida's right to privacy. This decision, too, has been appealed, in this case to the Florida Supreme Court, which could issue its own decision any day now.

These and other court cases, such as the Kevorkian acquittals, have sufficiently legitimized assisted suicide among much of the public as to set the stage for an historic political battle. Look for pro-euthanasia legislation to be repeatedly introduced throughout the country. Early efforts are almost sure to lose. But if the death warriors are anything it is tenacious. They follow the guerrilla-warfare model: Be defeated today, come back tomorrow; be defeated tomorrow, come back next week, next month, next year. As in Vietnam, you can lose most of the battles but ultimately win the war by outlasting the adversary.

The pattern has already been established. In 1988, euthanasia advocates promoted a ballot initiative in California that would have permitted doctors to administer lethal injections. They failed utterly, being unable even to obtain enough signatures to qualify for the ballot. In 1991, they were back, this time in Washington State, where they succeeded in getting a euthanasia initiative on the ballot, only to see it lose in the election. The next year, the action returned to California, where an initiative was placed on the ballot but, as in Washington, lost in the election. Then, in 1994, it was on to Oregon and Measure 16, a trimmed-down ballot proposal that did not legalize lethal injections but permitted doctors to knowingly write pre-

Once people learn about positive alternatives to euthanasia, support for legalizing assisted suicide plummets.

Mr. Smith is the author of Forced Exit: The Slippery Slope from Assisted Suicide to Legalized Murder, *published by Random House/Times Books.*

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scriptions for use in suicide. This time the death culture won, with 51 per cent of the vote.

Measure 16 was soon declared unconstitutional as a violation of equal protection of the law. But a few months ago, a bizarre Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals decision reversed the trial court. The Court of Appeals dodged the merits of the case, instead ruling that since the terminally ill litigant who brought the suit was not immediately threatened with harm under the law, she had no standing to challenge the statute's constitutionality. (The Court applied a classic Catch-22: Since the woman who sued is not currently suicidal, she is not endangered; ergo, she has no standing. If she were suicidal, she would have standing, but if she were suicidal, she wouldn't sue.) The Appeals Court decision means that Measure 16 will go into effect within the next few months unless the Supreme Court agrees to hear the case.

WORRIED that Oregon is about to become to suicide what Reno is to divorce, Measure 16's opponents have forced a rematch on the ballot this fall. They are greatly cheered by the fact that the Oregon Medical Association—which remained neutral during the original campaign—has turned against Measure 16. Opponents also believe they can demonstrate that Oregon voters were misled, to state it tactfully, by Measure 16 proponents' assurances that poison pills alone are sufficient to bring about "a humane and dignified death." As proof, they need only point to a recent statement by Hemlock Society co-founder and Oregon resident Derek Humphry. Before the election, Humphry was a big booster of Measure 16. Since then, however, he has written in the *New York Times* that Measure 16 "could be disastrous" because 25 per cent of assisted suicides fail. Oregonians, he warned, had better be prepared with plastic bags in case the pills fail to kill their loved ones, a little matter that he somehow neglected to mention during the original campaign.

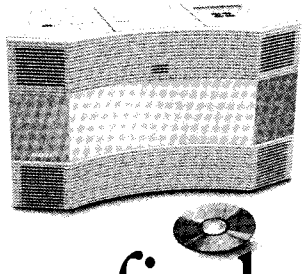
The successes of Measure 16 and the court cases have already had a deleterious impact on this country's commitment to the sanctity of human life and the rule of law.

Particularly hard hit has been Kevorkian's playground, Michigan, where he has facilitated the deaths of at least 45 people since 1990. The typical victim has not been terminally ill, as many believe, but disabled and depressed. At least four, subjected to autopsy, were found to have had no identifiable illnesses at all. Yet few Michigonians seem to object to Kevorkian's involvement in these assisted killings. Indeed, Kevorkian is so popular in Oakland County, where he makes his home, that the county's new district attorney campaigned on a platform of refusing to enforce the state's common law that forbids assisted suicide, thus allowing Kevorkian virtual free rein.

Meanwhile, the Michigan legislature is politically paralyzed, wringing its hands over Kevorkian's death circus, yet unable to devise a statute that would prohibit deliberate killing without punishing legitimate medical treatment for pain. Disappointingly, Governor Engler, an opponent of assisted suicide, has remained relatively passive. He promises to sign any law against assisted suicide that reaches his desk, but in contrast to his activism in other political areas, such as welfare reform, he seems to be doing little to force the issue.

Yet, all is not gloom. The death culture's string of successes has finally mobilized the opposition. Outright euthanasia remains illegal in every state. And assisted suicide is banned, either by statute or through court interpretation, in 47—4 states (Iowa, Louisiana, Rhode Island, and Virginia) having outlawed it since the passage of Measure 16. President Clinton has signed a law prohibiting federal funds from being used for assisted suicide. Renewed efforts are under way to promote proper end-of-life care and compassionate alternatives to killing the sick, such as hospice care and effective pain control. A recent poll published by Gallup found that once people learn about such positive alternatives to euthanasia, support for legalizing assisted suicide plummets. Advocates of rights for the disabled have formed Not Dead Yet; their demonstrations against euthanasia have made headlines.

How will it all turn out? The only certainty at this point is that the next several years will be filled with the clamor of intense political debate between two emotionally adamant sides. The debate won't be pretty, but it will be crucial. The future of the ethics and morality of our culture hangs in the balance. □



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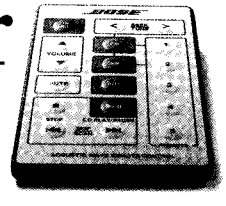

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Assessing the UN

By repaying its 'debt' to the UN, the United States rewards waste, inefficiency, and corruption.

MICHAEL MICHALSKI

ON June 10, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Jesse Helms reached an agreement in which the U.S. will pay $819 million in back assessments, if the UN agrees to certain specific reform "benchmarks." The only significant measures required are reductions in U.S. assessments for UN administrative budgets (from 25 to 20 per cent) and peacekeeping (from 31 to 25 per cent), proposals which Mrs. Albright failed to implement during her tenure as UN Ambassador. Other "reforms" include a provision that the UN observe generally accepted accounting principles, permit access by the U.S. General Accounting Office to its books, and add "sunset" provisions on UN programs. All these ideas must be approved by the General Assembly, however, which has an established track record of opposing congressionally mandated changes.

Mrs. Albright began discussing the payment of back assessments as part of a calculated effort to remove former UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. She let it be known that America's

An Open Letter To Mr. Michalski

HAVING read your excellent article in the May 5 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, we hope you will be able to help a group of us concerned staff members of the United Nations. We wish to remain anonymous for fear of losing our jobs. We respectfully request you to be our voice regarding the inept leadership at the United Nations.

Morale is at an all-time low. We will not state all the problems, as you are well aware of them. As terrible as the situation was under Mr. Boutros-Ghali's leadership, it continues to spiral downward under Mr. Annan.

Some of us have been at the UN for as long as Secretary General Annan. We know him to be a non-visionary, incapable of doing the work involved in his former posts, involved in a clique who were either engaged in or turned a blind eye to corruption, fraud, theft, cronyism, sexual harassment, etc. (all of which can be documented). To see these staff members rising to the top of the organization is disheartening.

There will be no reform under Mr. Annan's leadership. The obstinate position he has taken thus far, his uninspired high-level appointments, and the re-packaged March 17 reform proposals testify to that fact. There will be no reform because Kofi Annan and his cohorts have thrived and flourished with the status quo.

Money stolen from peacekeeping missions under Mr. Annan's watch (e.g., Bosnia, Cambodia, Somalia, Mozambique, Angola) which were meant to help the starving and the desperately ill, landed in the pockets of UN staff members, who are still operating their little empires without consequence.

The coverage of the secretary general election prior to Mr. Annan indicated the U.S. Administration was to find, by way of "casting a wide net," the best qualified candidate from Africa. We vividly recall the testimony of former Secretary of State Warren Christopher before the House International Relations Committee on July 31, 1996, when he said, "We are very anxiously awaiting the development of candidacies. We'll have to assess their overall qualities. Their capacity to engender U.S. support and the support of Congress is one of the important considerations. Their capacity to achieve real reform in the UN has to be a fundamental quality. Their capacity to provide international leadership of the highest quality. Those are all primary criteria. . . ." Didn't the U.S. Government do a background check on Mr. Annan? Now Africa will forever be known as the continent which failed to produce a worthy secretary general, and gave us ten years of the worst leadership ever. It is grossly unfair for Africa to be left with a bad mark against it, when there were so many more qualified African candidates from whom to choose.

How do we know how Mr. Annan will act in the future? After all, some might say, "Give him time." We say he has had more than enough time:

1. He has had thirty-plus years of experience in the United Nations system. Reforms should have been more quickly put in place on the basis of a forward-looking program for the twenty-first century.

2. He has elevated to ASG and USG [Assistant and Under Secretary General] levels his cronies from the "old boys network." These same people, without exception, have all been involved in one scandal or another at the UN.

3. Americans employed by the UN are taking the brunt of the anti-American feeling permeating the UN. It is so much easier to blame the U.S. for the woes of the UN, rather than see the real problem.

4. Mr. Annan has been in office since January 1997; he has spent a sorry 66 days out of 120 at Headquarters. As chief administrative officer, is he addressing the administrative problems of the UN, or is he passing off his job responsibilities to others (as he has been known to do in the past) involving himself in only the perks of his position?

Mr. Michalski, many of us remember you from your outstanding work on the Fifth Committee. We know you to be an honest, dedicated, "tell it like it is" individual. We would be so grateful if you would forward our concerns to the U.S. Congress and Administration. Your knowledge of the UN, your eloquence and intelligence, surely would have a tremendous impact on how these problems are viewed and how they might be resolved.

Respectfully,
Concerned Staff Members of the UN

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alleged billion-dollar UN debts would be paid only with a change in leadership of the troubled organization. When Boutros-Ghali ended his candidacy for a second term, President Clinton nominated Madeleine Albright as the next Secretary of State, and the Senate confirmed her unanimously. The Clinton Administration now expects American taxpayers to honor her campaign debt.

However, even if tied to changes in the way the UN conducts its business, repayment represents an unnecessary concession on the part of American lawmakers.

1) *The United States is not the first UN member that has failed to pay its assessments in full.* Over the years the Soviet Union, its Eastern European satellites, China, France, and South Africa, among others, failed to meet their financial obligations.

Article 19 of the UN Charter prohibits any member state with arrears exceeding its previous two years' assessments from voting in the General Assembly. Soviet Bloc countries reached this level in 1964. With no favorable resolution possible, the General Assembly bowed to Soviet demands and transferred $117 million in unpaid contributions to "special accounts." Voting rights of the Soviets and others were no longer in question. The debts remain on the UN's books; none of the amounts owed has ever been paid. The U.S. accepted the agreement on the condition it would receive equal treatment should it withhold payments in the future.

Communist China seized the opportunity to write off debts when it replaced the Republic of China in the UN in 1972. The General Assembly set aside $29 million in contributions left unpaid by Taiwan. Further withholding forced China to the brink of losing its right to vote. But in 1981 the General Assembly eliminated nearly $65 million in Chinese debts, thus avoiding a political clash with another Communist nation.

South Africa is the latest beneficiary of UN largesse. With the end of apartheid, the General Assembly restored South Africa's voting rights, which had been suspended since 1974. In 1995, $95 million in South African arrears was paid from surplus owed by the UN to other member states, including nearly $30 million that belonged to the United States.

Over three decades, the General Assembly disposed of $300 million (nearly $1 billion at current values) in unpaid contributions of several countries, including three permanent members of the Security Council. No member state involved was penalized. In contrast, UN members have taken an unwavering stance toward U.S. arrears. Demands for full and unconditional payments (plus interest), backed by threats of expulsion from UN committees, embargoes on procurement of goods and services, and bans on recruitment to fill UN jobs, are openly debated.

U.S. debts of $1 billion should be measured against the nearly $30 billion contributed by the U.S. to the UN over the past half-century.

2) *The UN is not broke.* Despite repeated predictions of impending financial ruin, UN operations have grown exponentially. For example, UN peacekeeping expenditures rose nearly ten-fold even as U.S. debt to the UN more than tripled.

The UN has sustained the myth of fiscal doom by presenting misleading analyses of its actual condition. The secretary general's reports on the "financial crisis" compare debts accumulated over many years to the organization's current annual expenditures. If this distorted measure of the UN's financial condition is used, then U.S. debts of $1 billion should be measured against the nearly $30 billion contributed directly by the U.S. to the UN over the past half-century.

The UN's audited financial statements present a very different picture. During the financial period 1994–95, the organization collected 95 per cent of the

Mr. Michalski served on the U.S. delegation to the United Nations in New York as an advisor on financial, management, and reform issues from 1980 to 1994.

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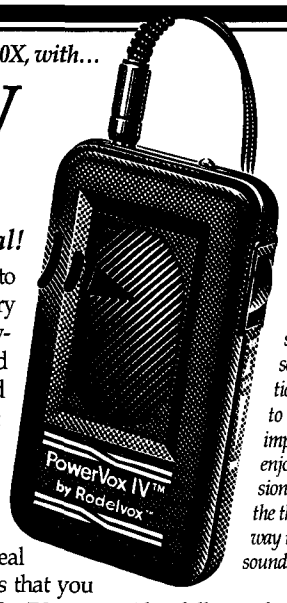

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$2.2 billion due from all member states for its administrative budget. Peacekeeping operations collected 97 per cent of the $6.4 billion assessed during 1994–95. The UN's cash holdings at the end of 1995 totaled $780 million. Similar high rates of collection and comfortably large cash balances were recorded in previous years.

Although the UN has experienced periodic cash-flow problems, the impact of U.S. arrears has been negligible. High salaries and lavish benefits are paid promptly; marginal programs continue to receive funding; major world conferences convene almost annually, supplementing hundreds of regular UN committee sessions; newly constructed state-of-the-art conference facilities in Addis Ababa and Bangkok are in operation; and nearly two dozen peacekeeping operations have been established. The UN's bureaucracy today is bigger and worse managed than ten years ago.

3) *U.S. repayments will benefit primarily wealthy allies and Third World governments.* Should Congress agree to pay $819 million in arrears, how will these funds be used? To feed starving children? To repatriate refugees? To find a cure for a disease that threatens millions? No, U.S. payments will flow to wealthy U.S. allies, such as Britain, France, Sweden, Spain, and Italy, to reimburse them for troops provided to UN peacekeeping forces.

Governments of developing countries such as Ghana (Annan's native land), Nepal, Bangladesh, Pakistan, and Fiji will reap windfall profits for services of their troops, each of whom might be paid the local equivalent of $100 per month, but are provided to the UN at a rate of $1,000 per month. What remains of the U.S. payment might replenish the UN's cash reserves to provide a cushion against future U.S. withholding, or be used for redecorating UN facilities, which have been neglected in recent years to convince member states of the organization's penury.

4) *And these calculations cheat the U.S.* The troop costs which the UN considers an obligation of the organization do not include expenditures borne directly by the United States for participation in UN-authorized operations from Korea to the Persian Gulf, or the estimated $6.6 billion spent by American taxpayers during fiscal years 1992–95 in support of UN operations in Bosnia, Somalia, Haiti, and elsewhere.

Given the historic opposition to linkages between U.S. payments and reform, it is unlikely that key elements of the Albright–Helms plan will be approved by the UN. Privately, many UN officials and diplomats have dismissed its provisions as nothing more than "financial blackmail." In the absence of the political will of UN members to enact fundamental change, Congress will be wasting its time, and taxpayer money, if it takes seriously any commitment by the Clinton Administration to deliver on its part of the bargain.

Congress should refuse to pay. To do otherwise would not only constitute acceptance of a double standard, but set the unfortunate precedent of public financing of campaigns waged by individuals seeking high government office. □

AnniversaryGate

Twenty-five years later, the Watergate scandal continues to unfold.

JAMES S. ROSEN

TWENTY-FIVE years after the Watergate break-in, it is easy to forget how much of what Americans believe about that event depends on John Dean's self-proclaimed "astounding memory for detail."

The one-time White House Counsel admittedly "managed" the cover-up of the break-in for a time, then turned state's evidence. By testifying before the televised Senate Watergate Committee proceedings, the House impeachment inquiry, and the jury in *U.S.* v. *Mitchell* (1974), the landmark political trial that convicted President Richard Nixon's top aides, Dean gained acclaim as a once-misguided but ultimately courageous White House whistleblower.

Dean began his testimony before the Senate in June 1973 with a 243-page opening statement, delivered in a monotone voice and studded with specific dates of meetings and conversations. Less than a month later, the Senate uncovered Nixon's secret taping system. The focus of the Watergate inquiries then shifted to the infamous tapes, which, it was thought, would corroborate either Dean's or Nixon's conflicting assertions of culpability.

The single most damning of the tapes —the "smoking gun" tape—was recorded on June 23, 1972, just six days after the original break-in arrests. On that tape, Nixon can be heard, in a discussion with Chief of Staff H. R. Haldeman, acquiescing in a plan to have the CIA block the FBI's burgeoning Watergate investigation.

> HALDEMAN: Mitchell came up with yesterday, and John Dean analyzed very carefully last night and concludes, concurs now with Mitchell's recommendation that the only way to solve this . . . is for us to have [CIA Deputy Director Vernon] Walters call [FBI Director Pat] Gray and just say, "Stay the hell out of this—this is business here we just don't want you to go any further on it." . . .
> NIXON: . . . they should call in the FBI and say, "Don't go any further into this case period!"

Nixon resigned three days after this tape surfaced.

Subsequently playing portions of the tapes in court, and using Dean (in Walter Cronkite's words) as "an all-purpose Watergate witness," special prosecutors secured convictions of Nixon's top aides—Haldeman, domestic advisor John Ehrlichman, and former Attorney General John Mitchell, the highest-ranking U.S. government officer ever to serve a prison term. Clearly, the judgment at the time was—and remains today—that the White House tapes corroborated John Dean.

The principal dissenters from that view were the lawyers on the Watergate Special Prosecution Force (WSPF). Newly declassified WSPF memoranda,

Mr. Rosen's work has appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, Harpers, *and other publications.*

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obtained through the Freedom of Information Act and quoted here for the first time, show that the Watergate prosecutors entertained serious doubts about Dean's "astounding memory."

In a draft memorandum dated July 22, 1974, WSPF lawyer George T. Frampton outlined the "significant discrepancies between Dean's anticipated trial testimony, [and] that of other Government witnesses or evidence." Frampton's analysis showed that one key hush-money meeting Dean testified to "apparently didn't take place. We probably would do well simply to omit Dean's testimony about this. . . ."

Another memo, sent on February 6, 1974, by WSPF lawyer Peter F. Rient to *U.S.* v. *Mitchell* trial lawyer Richard Ben-Veniste (recently the minority counsel to the Senate Whitewater committee), bore the title: "Material Discrepancies between the Senate Select Committee Testimony of John Dean and the Tapes of Dean's Meetings with the President."

Still other prosecution memoranda described the "omissions" in Dean's statements to them, and the manner in which Dean, seeking immunity from prosecution, "gradually escalat[ed]" his disclosures of Watergate culpability, culminating in Mitchell and Nixon.

The prosecutors' case against John Mitchell relied on testimony which, the memoranda now make clear, they *knew* to be problematic.

One of the "overt acts" of obstruction of justice—on which the nation's former top law-enforcement officer was convicted and sent to prison—was Mitchell's "suggestion to Dean . . . on or about June 24, 1972, . . . that the CIA be requested to provide covert funds for the assistance of the persons involved in the Watergate break-in."

The prosecutors' case against John Mitchell relied on testimony which they knew *to be problematic.*

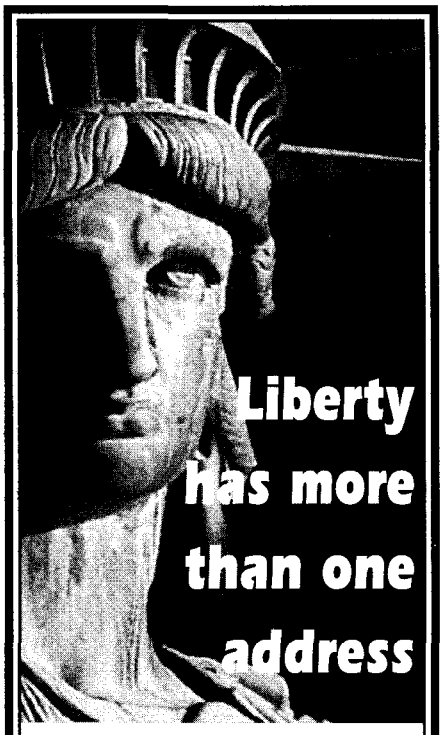
On October 16, 1974, Dean testified at Mitchell's trial that Mitchell, on June 24, 1972, had "suggested it be explored" that "the CIA would have the covert procedures to pay [the burglars]. . . . [Mitchell] told me I should take this up with Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman. I said to Mr. Ehrlichman that Mr. Mitchell had [also] suggested that Nixon's powerhouse fundraiser [Herb] Kalmbach might be used to raise funds." For the ears of the jury in *U.S.* v. *Mitchell*, then, the special prosecutors elicited Dean's testimony that John Mitchell had given Dean two hush-money ideas: get it from the CIA, and get Kalmbach to raise it.

Although they were willing to raise the matter in court, the prosecutors' internal memos show they worried about it privately:

> Dean's Senate and Grand Jury testimony [Frampton noted] leaves the impression (which is explicit in the Senate) that his approach to Mitchell about using Kalmbach came only after it became clear the CIA would not cooperate. However, Mitchell's logs and schedule suggest that the two possibilities—*use of Kalmbach and use of the CIA—were probably discussed at the same time, and that Dean exercised somewhat more discretion himself to forge ahead with getting Kalmbach into the picture than he has admitted.* . . .
>
> In the Senate, Dean testified that [Mitchell gave him the Kalmbach idea on] June 28. However, Mitchell was in New York from the morning of Monday, June 26, until about 5 P.M. on June 28. Mitchell's logs show him returning to "Washington" at 5:30 P.M. on June 28. . . . *Moreover, by the time of Mitchell's return, Dean had already phoned Kalmbach.* . . .
>
> However, since Dean is firm on his recollection of Mitchell asking him to involve Kalmbach prior to the 29th, our case will probably have to be based on the *theory* that Mitchell asked Dean on Saturday, June 24, to explore both the CIA and Kalmbach possibilities; or that Mitchell's logs are incomplete . . . [Emphasis added.]

Nor was Dean's confusion limited to the Kalmbach scenario. In the infamous "smoking gun" dialogue on the morning of June 23, 1972, Haldeman reported to President Nixon that Dean had "*last night* . . . analyzed very carefully" and "concurred with Mitchell's recommendation" that the CIA be used to block the FBI. Thus, the "smoking gun" tape places Mitchell's suggestion to Dean about the CIA on June 22; yet in his Senate testimony—given a month before Dean (and the rest of the country) learned about the tapes' existence—Dean had claimed that Mitchell suggested the CIA's intervention on June 23 or 24.

This "material discrepancy" raised by



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the release of the "smoking gun" tape posed a serious problem for the prosecution's case against Mitchell. Accordingly, in his testimony at *U.S.* v. *Mitchell*, Dean changed his story: Mitchell had made the CIA pitch in a "telephone call" on June 22. All the time, the prosecutors knew that Mitchell's logs showed no contact with Dean, telephonic or otherwise, until seven hours *after* the "smoking gun" discussion. As Haldeman reflected in a 1989 interview: "I don't know how [Dean] can deny that he fabricated the Mitchell involvement in his conversation with me on the morning of the 23rd." We shall never know how Nixon would have acted had the CIA plan been pitched to him without Mitchell's imprimatur.

For his part, John Dean no longer seems very certain about his testimony and writings of the 1970s. In September 1995 and January 1996, he went back under oath for eight days of videotaped depositions, conducted in connection with a libel lawsuit he and his wife lodged against the authors and publishers of a decidedly revisionist Watergate book called *Silent Coup: The Removal of a President* (1991).

Now subjected to less friendly "theories" of Watergate than those on which the special prosecutors based their prosecution of John Mitchell, Dean derided the 1995-96 depositions as "boring," "absurd," "senseless," "grinding," "exhaustive," "harassing," and "abusive." "I know that the defendants want to retry Watergate in all of these details," he correctly observed. Contrast the whistleblower of yesteryear with the wily witness of today:

> Q: You will acknowledge you did have discussions with . . . [Watergate burglar G. Gordon] Liddy about money for men in jail—
>
> A: I will not acknowledge them as necessarily discussions, as you're using it.
>
> Q: How do you characterize your encounter with Mr. Liddy? Was it not a discussion?
>
> A: It was not a discussion. As I recall . . . he put a feeler out and I said "I can't help you."
>
> Q: That's not a discussion?
>
> A: I don't think so. I think a discussion is when you kick something around. To me—I haven't looked up the synonyms in a long time of "discussion," but I suspect one of them might be "debate."

And so on.

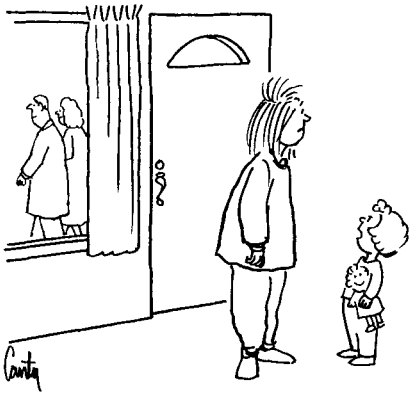
But every twenty pages or so—and Dean's deposition runs to roughly two thousand—defense counsel corner Dean into an admission of some value for historians.

Chief among them is Dean's disavowal of his 1976 memoir, *Blind Ambition*, upon which Watergate scholars have relied for a generation, and which Dean now admits he never read "cover to cover." Whenever Dean's testimony in one of several forums might differ from his book (e.g., *Blind Ambition* never even mentions the momentous discussion Dean and Mitchell allegedly had about the CIA's blocking the FBI), Dean attributed the fault to his acknowledged ghost-writer, Taylor Branch. "Absolutely make it up out of whole cloth," Dean testified about the eventual Pulitzer-winner in one key instance.

> Q: As I recall your testimony, Mr. Dean, when asked about particular passages in *Blind Ambition*, you have explained them in various ways, as either "pure Taylor Branch," "out of whole cloth," "conjecture," "speculation," "writer's language," "reconstruction for the purpose of speculation," "brush strokes beyond testimony."
>
> A: Right. . . . I thought this was a good popular and commercial explanation of the events, a good portrait and dramatization of it, but . . . it's not absolutely accurate . . . for researchers, I've always referred them to my testimony.

Branch denies making anything up out of whole cloth.

In the "Author's Note" for *Blind Ambition*, Dean explained that he reconstructed events by "review[ing] an enormous number of documents as well as my own testimony." However, Dean twice told *Silent Coup*'s author in their January 5, 1989, interview (and reaffirmed in his deposition): "I'm going to be very honest with you. I didn't even reread my testimony when I wrote my book."



"You'd better be nice to me, or someday I might be 'the younger woman.'"

As for the testimony Dean either did or didn't reread in putting his name on *Blind Ambition*, it, too, emerges badly shaken from the present litigation. "My memory happens to work not date-oriented," he deadpans now.

"I assume," Dean was asked at the outset of the deposition, "you will stand on all your testimony. Is that right?"

"I certainly hope so," Dean replied.

But as the deposition unfolded, Dean grudgingly acknowledged that at times his testimony before the Senate, House of Representatives, and various criminal proceedings included "misstatements," "overstatement," "self-serving" statements, "verbal slips," at least two instances of "total forgetfulness," one case where he was "maybe imposing hindsight on events," and another, during cross-examination in the Mitchell trial, where he "wasn't listening careful [*sic*] . . . and [went] along with a leading question, and I'm not sure why." One of his written interrogatory responses in the present proceeding Dean defended as "virtually correct." He did "not particularly prepar[e] for" his testimony before the House impeachment inquiry, and expresses "surprise" that "there aren't more minor inconsistencies" in his Senate testimony.

> In some instances, yes, I was off on some dates, some events that were very close together, had slid them together and we [Dean and the special prosecutors] sorted through all those . . . cleaned [them] up before *U.S.* v. *Mitchell*.

Since George Frampton helped "clean up" Dean's testimony for John Mitchell's prosecution, it is perhaps fitting that he today serves as President Clinton's Assistant Secretary of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks at the Department of Interior.

Aside from reports in the *Washington Times* and the *Tampa Tribune*, Dean's under-oath metamorphosis has received scant media attention. Imagine the furor if other sensational political witnesses of the twentieth century—Whittaker Chambers, say, or Clarence Thomas—had, in revisiting their appointments with destiny, expressed similar misgivings, under oath no less.

Perhaps the silence owes to the media's celebrated laziness. As Richard Nixon noted, "Perjury is an awful hard rap to prove." □

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Brave Fellows

Cultural explanations of the American revolution do justice neither to history nor to America.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IF conservatives could have read John O'Sullivan's "After Reaganism" a year sooner, Bob Dole might be President, Newt Gingrich might have been a good Speaker, and Jack Kemp might have been a good speaker. It seems churlish to argue with it, especially since my only disagreement concerns the tail end, and a reference to the eighteenth century. But in America the eighteenth century is always in the news. Getting it wrong is a worse mistake than ignoring focus groups.

In Prospect Park in Brooklyn stands a column honoring a regiment of American soldiers who fought on the spot on August 27, 1776. They were from Maryland, led by Colonel William Smallwood, and they were known as "macaronis," for their bright scarlet and buff uniforms ("stuck a feather in his cap, and called it 'macaroni' "). But on that day, they earned another reputation. The British army besieging New York slipped through an unguarded pass on General George Washington's flank and hit the American front line in the rear. Five hundred Americans died, and a thousand were taken prisoner. More would have been killed or captured if the Marylanders had not stood their ground, covering the retreat to Brooklyn Heights. In the thick of the fight, they sent word to Washington asking for reinforcements. He could not spare any; he had to watch them die. "Good God!" he is supposed to have cried, "what brave fellows I must this day lose!"

Why did they fight? The usual reasons—courage, honor, good leadership. Another factor in the mix was their belief in their ideals. The Commander-in-Chief paid attention to ideals—he had had the Declaration of Independence read to his troops on July 9, as soon as it arrived from Philadelphia.

This is not a universally accepted interpretation of the Revolution. Early in this century, the Revolution was described as an economic struggle between competing imperial powers, one established, one being born. This view, which fell out of favor with historians in the Sixties, has lately been revived by Theodore Draper and praised by Michael Lind. It satisfies two urges characteristic of modern intellectuals—skepticism about public pronouncements, and a hunger for "realistic" descriptions of human action. Forget what Washington read to his troops, look at his real-estate investments. Follow the money. When you have, you see economic man, hewing to his own self-interest.

John O'Sullivan is neither a skeptic, a pseudo-scientist, nor, in the worse sense, a modern intellectual. Despite the unhappy events of Lord North's government, he has the highest respect for George Washington and the other founders. But, in "After Reaganism," he seems not to put much more stock in their ideals than Draper or Lind. He reads their ideals as an expression of their culture: their mores, norms, and habits of the heart. Dismissing the idealist interpretation of the Revolution as "credal," he argues that the Revolution was an exercise in the self-expression of that culture. Like a tectonic plate, one people drifted away from another. Only a renewed attention to our culture now, he argues, will save us from present-day challenges.

He cites as support John Jay in *The Federalist* #2. "Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people—descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs." Jay's facts are unassailable—free Americans in the late eighteenth century were overwhelmingly Protestants of British descent. O'Sullivan, however, misinterprets Jay's statement, which is focused on 1787, not 1776. Jay is arguing that a common culture should sustain American unity now, during the struggle over the Constitution; like a good polemicist, he ignores the fact that a common culture had done nothing to prevent violent divisions during the Revolution. Many Americans, indeed, fought not to become Americans. They called themselves Loyalists; their enemies (the Patriots) called them Tories.

How many were there? In his old age, John Adams estimated that one third of Americans supported the Revolution, a third opposed it, and a third were indifferent. Adams hadn't taken a poll, but the number of Loyalists was significant. And in most parts of the country, the fissure between Loyalism and Patriotism followed no clear sociological pattern. Culture had nothing to do with it. The Revolution divided families. John Randolph, king's attorney for Virginia, sailed to England in 1775 rather than break his oath to George III; his son, Edmund, served on Washington's staff and later in his cabinet. Staats Long Morris, from a land-owning family in what is now the Bronx, fought in the British army; his half-brother, Gouverneur, wrote the Constitution. Sometimes the Revolution divided individuals. Tench Coxe, a Philadelphia economist who was a Tory in the early days of the war, ended up in the Jefferson Administration. We all know Benedict Arnold's career path.

The existence of large numbers of Loyalists proves that the cultural explanation of the Revolution is inadequate. Then why did Americans choose the sides they did? Chance, and calculating the main chance, all played their part. But, as with Colonel Smallwood's Marylanders, ideals played a part too. Patriots responded to their own, while Loyalists were unconvinced. The American Revolution was an ideological war, and the country it founded is ideological.

The fissure between Loyalism and Patriotism followed no clear sociological pattern. Culture had nothing to do with it.

If the ideology of the Patriot party could be reduced to a phrase, it would be "the rights of man." All Patriots

(Continues on page 56)

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor.*

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

June 21, 1997

Dear Rusty,
Help! I'm having trouble with the opener and the format of document below. Need your advice ASAP.—Al

Dear African-Americans:
Hi. My name is Al Gore, and I'm currently serving as Vice President of the United States.
As you know, there's been an awful lot of talk these days about issuing a formal apology to your community for the evils of slavery. And while Dick Gephardt and others waffle on the issue, I'd like to take the bull by the horns and—

Dear African-Americans:
I've always been thought of as a breach-healer, and so as our country finally grapples with the residual shame of slavery, let me be the first—and I mean the first unannounced candidate for the Democratic nomination—to say loud and clear—

Dear African-Americans:
Color me ashamed.

Dear African-Americans:
You have every right to throw this letter away unread. I would totally understand if you did, and yet, I'd be grateful if you'd at least hear me out.
You see, I was born on a farm in Tennessee, the son of a—

Memorandum
To: The African-American community
From: Al Gore
cc: Native Americans
IN RE: Apologies, etc.

As FY97 comes to a close, it's time to take stock. Are there things we could have done differently? Of course. Is there blame to be laid? Without doubt.
And yet, as we prepare for the future, it's important to bear in mind not only who should apologize to whom, but also who apologized to whom first. It's one thing for me to issue a formal apology; it's quite another to do so without some assurance that later on, that apology will be remembered in swing states. So before I jump into the breach—

To all African-Americans:
I cannot tell you all how embarrassed I am that it's taken this long for me put pen to paper to tell you how sorry I am for the unpleasantness of—

Dear Friends:
Campaigns are expensive! But as Bill Clinton and I fight for education, Medicare, and the environment, and work to build a bridge to the 21st Century, it would mean a lot to us if we could count on your financial help.
Won't you please join our Presidential Apology Circle, to keep our agenda moving forward?
For a one-time donation of $25,000, Tipper and I will welcome you to our home for a coffee reception, during which we will both apologize to you and up to four of your guests.
At the $10,000 level, you will be invited to an evening reception at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., for a photo-opportunity and a signed apology card.
At the $5,000 level, I will personally call you and apologize over the phone.
Remember: though this apology is long overdue, it isn't free. Our party and our President need you more than ever.
Very best regards,
[auto-pen signature]

Brothers and Sisters!
Don't look at me and think that I'm just another white dude who doesn't understand!
That's not me. I'm "down" with your community. I'm not like those other dudes—like that weird-looking no-eyebrows dude, what's up with that, huh?
So why don't we just "chill" and—

To the African-American Community:
My attorneys have informed me that there is no controlling legal authority compelling me to apologize for any actions, past or present, to which I was neither party-in-action nor party-in-knowledge. Pursuant to that, the following should not be construed as an admission of wrongdoing either personally or in my capacity as Vice President of the United States.
Still, although I acknowledge no personal culpability—it is nonetheless obvious that mistakes were made. So while I issue herewith a general apology, I would like to re-iterate that on the advice of counsel—

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Playing God

J. BUDZISZEWSKI

IS anyone so shut off from the world that he still does not know about the war? To make clear what I mean, here is an illustration. Not long ago on a medical-ethics panel, I spoke against playing God. My counterpart, a hospital chaplain, declared: "Of course it's okay to play God; at the hospital we do it all the time." He was too genteel to use the word, but everyone knew that when he spoke of playing God he meant killing.

The current stage of the conflict features two main views. In the traditional view, intentionally killing an innocent human being is always wrong. Such killing includes both active euthanasia and acting as an accessory to suicide. However, *allowing* to die is sometimes permitted. This means that a particular treatment may be withheld or withdrawn if the patient is dying, his death is imminent, the treatment is extraordinary, and his death is not the goal.

A canard of the radicals is that traditionalists are "simplistic." On the contrary: although the traditional criteria are clear, they are far from simple. For example, extraordinary treatments are defined as those which impose excessive burdens on the patient or fail to offer reasonable hope of benefit, and all traditionalists recognize that judgment is needed to know when that line has been crossed. The real simplifiers are the radicals, who deny the moral distinction between allowing death and causing it, arguing that if one can ever withhold even the most heroic treatment, then one can also kill.

Then who dies? Here the radicals split, but none of their criteria bears scrutiny. *Is the patient suffering?* Even though not all doctors have adequate training in palliative care, today almost all physical pain can be rendered bearable. For the rare pain that resists amelioration the patient can ask to be sedated. *Is he dying?* The irrational thought behind this criterion seems to be that if we cannot guarantee the patient a length of life we think sufficient, he shall not have any at all. *Has his life lost its worth?* That which is in the image of

Frederick H. Carlson

God does not lose worth because it can no longer play the piano or use the toilet without assistance. *Does he want to die?* It is not quite merciful to offer the patient death as a reward for internalizing the embarrassment, contempt, and disgust of those around him; some of us would consider it a nasty trick. *Would his death be in the best interests of all concerned?* This is a dishonest way of asking whether he has become a nuisance. If ever we arrive at killing people just because they are in the way, we will have lost everything.

A glimpse of what losing everything might mean may be found in the Dutch best-seller *Dancing with Mr. D*, a rambling, disjointed journal of a physician's nursing-home practice. In the Netherlands, euthanasia is not precisely legal, but it is officially tolerated in an ever-expanding set of circumstances. Early in the narrative, author Bert Keizer is called to the bedside of a Mrs. Malfijt, who is choking on her food. There is no use trying to clear the blockage, he says, and so, rather than help in any way, he fills her veins with morphine. This he calls letting her decide her own course without being harassed from either shore. After 15 minutes he calls her son to tell him she is dead.

At the end of that passage I came to a full stop, then backed up. Had I just read what I thought I had? Yes. How could it be explained? It can't; in Dr. Keizer's universe, where God is dead and life is meaningless, categories like "cruel," "mad," and "normal" can no longer be distinguished. The author gives overdoses of morphine to every patient in sight, yet grows furious with their relatives for thinking that euthana-

Dancing with Mr. D: Notes on Life and Death, by Bert Keizer (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, 334 pp., $23.95)

Seduced by Death: Doctors, Patients, and the Dutch Cure, by Herbert Hendin, MD (Norton, 256 pp., $27.50)

Forced Exit: The Slippery Slope from Assisted Suicide to Legalized Murder, by Wesley J. Smith (Times, 304 pp., $24)

Denial of the Soul: Spiritual and Medical Perspectives on Euthanasia and Mortality, by M. Scott Peck, MD (Harmony, 256 pp., $23)

But What if She Wants to Die? A Husband's Diary, by George E. Delury (Birch Lane, 256 pp., $21.95)

Mr. Budziszewski, author of Written on the Heart: The Case for Natural Law *(InterVarsity), teaches government and philosophy at the University of Texas at Austin.*

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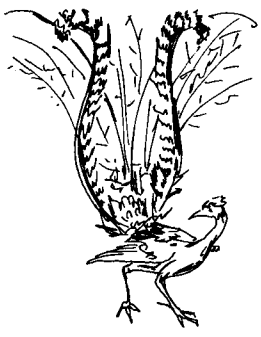
sia is easy to arrange. Love for his patients? He declares to a colleague that he has none, but calls it good for the profession to heave a sigh from time to time and say that he does. On this page he mocks his country's official guidelines, which the ignorant in our country cite as proof that euthanasia can be kept within bounds. On another page he violates his private guidelines, never to kill just for the comfort of the spectators and never to do it in a hurry. Over here he explains the importance of rituals and says there should be one for euthanasia. Over there he mocks the mourners at funerals by answering their questions with gibberish. He admonishes one patient for loudly asking about euthanasia in the hearing of others. Yet having been offered some of another patient's shirts, he rummages among them in the very faces of the dead man's wardmates. He harangues a dying former hippie for not having aborted her only child, and he badgers a nurse for refusing on grounds of religious faith to administer a deliberate overdose of morphine to a woman with a broken hip. Because he considers human beings feces, one can hardly be surprised that he colors all their works with excrement, as when he compares an expiring woman's effort not to retch with the strain of holding in stool. But her death was a good one, he says, because she struggled at the exit.

Like every 'vital issue' of the day, assisted suicide is both a public-policy question and a religious question.

Now that the book has been translated, it will win a following here too among the sort of people who think Kurt Cobain was a great poet. But perhaps I overreact. Dr. Keizer is but a drop in the sea of Dutch medicine. How typical could he be? The defenders of Dutch euthanasia hold that the stories of a social experiment gone berserk have been exaggerated, and that in any case the Dutch medical and legal systems are so different from our own that we have no reason to expect the legalization of euthanasia to have the same results here as it has had there.

THESE claims are put to the test in the compelling study *Seduced by Death*, by psychiatrist Herbert Hendin. Though the executive director of an organization devoted to the prevention of suicide, Dr. Hendin is not a traditionalist. When he arrived in the Netherlands he had not made up his mind whether euthanasia and assisted suicide should be permitted by law, and he is still uncertain about the ethics of treatment for people in coma and dementia. Perhaps for this reason, Dutch doctors and euthanasia advocates were willing to speak more frankly with him than they might have been with someone seeking weapons to use against them. In the process they seem to have revealed more than they may have intended, and the longer the author studied the "Dutch Cure" the more horrifying he found it.

The ambivalent will appreciate the book's sober demonstration that euthanasia and assisted suicide in the Netherlands have resulted in thousands of unjustifiable deaths even by the standards and statistics accepted by advocates of those practices. For instance, most proponents expected the change to increase the ability of patients to make their own decisions. "In practice," finds Hendin, "it is still the doctor who decides whether to perform euthanasia. He can suggest it, not give patients obvious alternatives, ignore patients' ambivalence, and even put to death patients who have not requested it. Euthanasia enhances the power and control of doctors, not patients." Though still outside the official guidelines, involuntary euthanasia has become so common in the Netherlands that many Dutch now carry cards to signify that they do *not* want to be put to death without their knowledge and consent.



Hendin is especially penetrating in his analysis of the interplay of motives among those who seek suicide, assist in it, and press for its acceptance. One obvious motive is the desire to reduce anxiety about death. Unfortunately, the new mores themselves become the main source of anxiety, and so assisted suicide is "the cure that causes another form of the disease." A more surprising motive is the need for connection. Many of those who have assisted in suicide call it the most meaningful thing they have ever done; it gives them a sense of intimacy with another person that they could not otherwise have achieved. Most engrossing is the sheer need for absolution. Accessories to suicide often assuage their uneasiness or sense of guilt by writing about the act, justifying it, and recruiting others to its practice. Of course all these motives grease the slippery slope. Euthanasia breeds euthanasia; as Hendin shows, even some of those who have participated in it describe it as a contagious disease.

Other strengths of the book are its fine discussions of whom the Dutch euthanasia guidelines really protect, why they cannot contain the practice, how euthanasia promotes the atrophy of palliative care, why the United States and the Netherlands are the only two Western industrial nations to have strong euthanasia movements, and why the relaxation of anti-euthanasia laws might cause even greater horrors in our country, with its large underclass, than it has done in the Netherlands.

I have only two criticisms. Despite Hendin's clear and explicit recognition that "autonomy" can be another name for "narcissism," he seems, in otherwise helpful remarks on advance medical directives, to forget his own critique. Despite his equally clear recognition that right and wrong are not determined by social consensus, in the discussion of coma and dementia he seems adrift, in the end having no more to say than that somehow society must reach consensus.

Honorable mention is due *Forced Exit*, by Wesley J. Smith, a wide-ranging book on the state of the euthanasia debate in the United States. In comparison with the Hendin book, its advantages are a more thorough account of domestic euthanasia politics, a more acute perception of how people who change their mind about dying can be trapped by their own advance directives, and a more firm defense of the worth of people with diminished mental capacities. Its most persistent weakness is a tendency to propose ever more judicially enforceable rights and entitlements, and to disregard the law of unanticipated consequences, especially as applied to medical economics.

A graver flaw is that at times the

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author seems disingenuous—for example, when he tries to distinguish the arguments for euthanasia and abortion. He contends that sick people are indisputably human while unborn people are not. But abortion proponents lost the "human life" battle years ago; does anyone imagine that a dog is growing in there? As Mr. Smith must know, in its current phase the war over life and death concerns not humanity but "personhood," and the biographical criteria used by euthanasia supporters to deny personhood to the sick are precisely those used by abortion supporters to deny it to the unborn. I sympathize with his desire to pick up allies wherever he can find them, but he will not succeed through special pleading.

PART of the problem with *Forced Exit* is its insistence that euthanasia is "not a religious issue, it is a vital public-policy issue." Of course, like every "vital issue," it is both. This is not to say that atheists cannot possibly find a reason to oppose euthanasia—plainly, some do. However, it is naïve to expect politics and world-view to be unrelated. Given the evasiveness of most public-policy writing on the matter of faith and ultimate ends, one wishes for a book that would treat them more adequately. Unfortunately, *Denial of the Soul*, by psychologist and New Age theologian M. Scott Peck, is not it. Written with his trademark modesty—"By 1985 I had become quite sophisticated on the subject of spirituality"—the book is a muddle from start to finish. Even its terminology is a mess, for the author inexplicably reserves the label "euthanasia" for suicide. Then again, Peck has made rather a specialty of sonorous obfuscation. He is one of those people who think a person's "stage of religious development" can be discussed apart from his actual religion. Unfortunately, such an approach makes sense only on the assumption that at bottom all religions are getting at the same thing—that they differ in rites and forms, but are the same in what they teach. Chesterton's comment about this perennial fallacy is best and plainest: "It is false; it is the opposite of the fact. The religions of the earth do not differ greatly in rites and forms; they do greatly differ in what they teach."

At last we come to *But What if She Wants to Die?* by George Delury. Myrna Lebov, the author's wife, suffered for years from multiple sclerosis. After pressuring her for many months to take her life, one day Delury gave her a lethal dose of drugs, waited a few hours, and went to sleep. When he awoke she was still alive, and so he suffocated her with a plastic bag. Though there seems to be no good evidence that she had consented, the authorities decided to regard the affair as an assisted suicide, and upon conviction the author spent six months in prison. This book is his effort at self-extenuation.

A law is written on the heart. We can't *not know* that killing is wrong; we can only hold the knowledge down. The chief value of this dreary book is the light it sheds on how the holding down is done—how the struggling conscience is suppressed. We know all about excuses, of course. For Delury, however, mere excuses are not enough; he freely admits to being haunted for months by a guilt so strong that it was "almost physical." His solution? To acknowledge the agony but deny its nature. As he finally explains to himself, his anguish is not the "moral" guilt of a human being who knows he has done wrong, but the "dissonance" of a primate over the violation of an instinctual block. And the proof? Precisely that the feeling is so powerful, so immediate, so close to home. That shows, you see, that it isn't rational.

Of course. We should have seen it ourselves. □

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That Girl

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

I HAVE fallen in love: I know it could only be a disaster, but when did that ever stop anyone? The young Clare Boothe Luce, as she steps vividly from this very detailed, though by no means adulatory, book, is the kind of girl I've always longed for and in weak approximations have fallen for—a butterscotch blonde with blue eyes, pale pink lipstick, and a perfect complexion, immaculately groomed, athletic (she tried out as an Olympic swimmer and could shoot and ride), superbly confident (or so it seemed), witty, well read, and highly intelligent, with a questing mind. She was also a monster of egotism, ambition, and untruthfulness. But you can't have everything. Almost all the men she met did promptly fall for her: she slept with some; others she warded off: she devoured them all, and they came gladly, repeatedly, to her mincing machine.

Rage for Fame: The Ascent of Clare Boothe Luce, by Sylvia Jukes Morris (Random House, 491 pp., $30)

This first volume of Sylvia Jukes Morris's biography takes the narrative only halfway, from 1903, when Clare was born, to 1943, when she was elected to Congress. Even so, it's a hefty tome, ballasted with fifty pages of notes; it's assiduously researched, and skillfully crafted—the kind of book that, when it covers something, by God, the subject stays covered.

The material events and achievements of Mrs. Luce's life might not justify such blockbusting treatment, but the point, on the page as in life, is to know her and be seduced by her. The type she represents, although in theory familiar, is in practice extremely rare. Beauty, for a start, is much more unusual than women's magazines would have us believe; much scarcer than talent, which is why it commands a higher price. Adorning manifest talent, energy, and intellect, it becomes a treasure indeed. Clare Boothe Luce had some things in common with Pamela Harriman, the subject of another excellent biography reviewed in these pages a few months ago. Both women climbed to the top through the beds of distinguished men: both served as U.S. ambassadors in Europe: but Mrs. Luce had much the better, and more interesting, mind.

Mr. Lejeune is NR's longtime London correspondent.

These first forty years can be summarized quite briefly. Clare's mother, Anna (or Ann) Schneider (or Snyder) was extremely pretty. Her father, William Boothe, the son of a Baptist clergyman, was a musician who sold pianos, or a salesman who sold patent medicine or a soft drink (which sounds revolting) called Celery-ade, and was charming to ladies. The two never married, a fact that both mother and daughter concealed lifelong. Miss Schneider subsequently lived with various men under various names in various places. She was a consummate liar, a habit which her daughter—according to the latter's own account—absorbed. "I never drew a happy breath in my entire childhood," Clare later claimed. But she remained intimately involved with her embarrassing family throughout their lives; and she owed a good deal to what might be termed her adoptive fathers.

From the age of 11 Clare could twist men around her finger, and she was drawn, seemingly by chance, into the celebrity world. She understudied Mary Pickford (although acting, on stage or for the camera, proved one of the few talents she lacked), was taught chess by the prime minister of Hungary, and, through a schoolfriend, met P. G. Wodehouse. Miss Schneider was determined that her daughter should marry a millionaire, which she duly did—George Tuttle Brokaw, New York's most eligible bachelor. As a husband he proved a flop, but he gave Clare a daughter, called Ann, and an alimony settlement which thereafter minimized financial worries. What Clare Boothe wanted most was fame. She tricked her way into *Vanity Fair*, one of the smartest magazines in town, first as an editorial assistant, then a regular writer, soon as executive editor. A desire to expand her range culminated in the great Broadway success of her play, *The Women*, which was backed by Moss Hart and George Kaufman, and, when it was turned into a film, had a script enhanced by Anita Loos.

Up and up went Miss Boothe, wooing and wooed by celebrities and millionaires (preferably combined); Bernard Baruch, rumored to be the fourth richest man in America, was particularly important. Her lifestyle became increasingly luxurious, but she remained hard-working and restless. Ever since she was a little girl, she once said, she had wanted to cry when she saw trains steaming off without her. But New York was her hunting ground, the lost New York of cocktails and Algonquin repartee and First Nights worth dressing up for.

I have fallen in love. The young Clare Boothe Luce, as she steps from this book, is the kind of girl I've always longed for.

Times darkened. The decline of *Vanity Fair* could scarcely be mistaken when the regular advertisement for Tiffany's was replaced by one for Listerine. However, largely thanks to Brokaw's advice, Miss Boothe's personal fortune suffered little in the Depression; she lost only 5 per cent of her investment income. The years were, nevertheless, relentlessly passing. She calculated that, until the age of thirty, she could look for both love and money: after that, she might have to marry for money alone.

The solution arrived punctually in the form of Henry Luce, founder and proprietor of *Time* and *Fortune*. For a while at least he seemed—perhaps was—ideal. Marrying him introduced Clare Boothe to more serious topical journalism and to international affairs at a high level. As war approached, she reported the apprehensions of Europe; when the German Blitzkrieg began, she described the bombing of Brussels. "All Clare on the Western Front" was the title of an article about her by Dorothy Parker, who added that "while it is never said

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that the teller is the bravest of all those present, it comes through."

As the war developed, Mrs. Luce wrote, less successfully, about Douglas MacArthur and the Pacific. She was mixing now with politicians and spending time in Washington. The ardor of her marriage had cooled. She had become a celebrity in her own right, which led to her selection as a Republican candidate. And there this volume leaves her.

Nothing she said or wrote endures particularly well. Her life story, thus far, might have been a television series made from a novel by Danielle Steel or Barbara Taylor Bradford (and none the worse for that, you may say). Her kind of star personality, which depended so much on transient talk, visual impact, and the sound of her laughter, is always hard to convey. As a biographer, Mrs. Morris enjoyed exceptional advantages. For six years before Mrs. Luce died, Mrs. Morris discussed the project with her, traveled with her, worked with her, and was given access to a vast store of letters, diaries, and scrapbooks.

The result is a minutely drawn picture, modified by Mrs. Luce's habit of constantly analyzing, dramatizing, and re-inventing herself. She never underestimated her talents or hesitated to blame others when things went wrong. Mrs. Morris certainly does not cushion her subject's failings or mask the sometimes acid judgments aimed at her. If almost all men were bewitched, almost all women were jealous—and one can see why. It became evident, says Mrs. Morris, "that whatever Clare desired, she simply took or tried to take." Raymond Bret-Koch, a French artist and one of her occasional escorts, found a lack of warmth in her seductiveness. "It's a beautiful, well-constructed façade," he observed, "but without central heating."

Quite true, no doubt. And yet, and yet . . . She was good with children, and there was something childlike and vulnerable in her own self-centeredness. Behind the dazzling front which (women said) she turned on whenever a man came into the room lay the little girl still weeping over trains that left without her. We must wait for Mrs. Morris's second volume (and breaking off at this point cruelly resembles an interrupted mini-series) to learn what, looking back, Mrs. Luce made of it all. Gazing in old age at her personal bookplate, which showed a knight on a white charger, she sighed, "He never came." □

Girls with Guns

KATE O'BEIRNE

LINDA Bird Francke reckons U.S. servicewomen should be grateful to Saddam Hussein; he lost the Gulf War, but his troops outflanked American forces on a more important front. Mrs. Francke writes that when two female American POWs were safely returned, "Iraqi forces had reassured the American public about the viability of women in combat." Mrs. Francke quotes a World War II Army nurse, held in a civilian internment camp by the Japanese, about the possible fate awaiting female POWs. "The Muslims aren't that mean. And they don't hate women any more or as much as American men hate women," the nurse explained in a typical example of what passes for expert opinion in this book, which amounts to a feminist indictment of males in general, and American male generals in particular.

Ground Zero: The Gender Wars in the Military, by Linda Bird Francke (Simon & Schuster, 304 pp., $25)

Mrs. O'Beirne served in combat in 1992 on the Presidential Commission on the Assignment of Women in the Armed Forces.

In *Ground Zero*, Mrs. Francke relies on the random experiences of a handful of women soldiers, the testimony of a platoon of embittered female veterans, and the advocacy of the Pentagon's feminist lobby to build a case for women in combat. She concludes that military women are condemned to second-class status by a misogynist military culture which refuses to recognize women's ability to engage in combat—an ability, according to Mrs. Francke, that was conclusively proved in both Panama and the Gulf.

Roughly 700 women were deployed

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to Panama in the 18,000-strong U.S. invasion force, and a handful, although barred from serving in combat positions, were fired upon when ferrying troops as either truck drivers or pilots. But Mrs. Francke highlights the experience of a single female Army captain as proof of women's combat mettle.

Captain Linda Bray commanded a military-police company that was ordered to secure a dog kennel belonging to the Panamanian Defense Forces.

For liberating a Panamanian dog kennel, a female MP was compared to Douglas MacArthur and George Patton.

Captain Bray and her soldiers came under fire from snipers hidden in nearby woods, but captured the unoccupied kennel with no American casualties. Enemy body count: seven dogs. Intrigued by the novelty of women serving in a combat zone, the press eagerly exaggerated their encounters with the enemy. The Pentagon and the White House played along. Marlin Fitzwater declared the kennel assault "an important military operation" and heralded its female commander.

The Pentagon realized that its attempt to win a little favorable publicity had gotten out of hand when one major newspaper declared Captain Bray's actions "worthy of a young Douglas MacArthur or George Patton." The Army's belated attempt to correct the absurd exaggeration was in vain. Mrs. Francke and her feminist allies had the symbol they needed to advance their cause.

According to Mrs. Francke, the Pentagon similarly discounted the experience of the 40,000 women deployed to the Gulf, where over a dozen were killed, because "the military culture would not accept women as warriors in life or death." Yet the very cases she cites raise serious questions about women's suitability for combat.

One such warrior, an MP, was the first woman to die in the Gulf. Tragically, this divorced mother of two young children drowned when she backed off a pier while training her gun on a suspected terrorist. Weighed down by her equipment, she slipped underwater before she could be rescued. The reader is left wondering why an MP with gun drawn was backing away and whether a physically stronger man might not have been fatally weighed down by his equipment.

On the eve of the ground war, a sergeant reported a female helicopter pilot for crying in her tent. A commander's crying jag might not inspire the confidence needed to lead men in battle. However, the pilot convinced her supportive superior officer that it was a stress reliever for her, akin to a man throwing things or cursing.

During the Gulf War, eight women were killed in "non-hostile" traffic accidents and five women died in "hostile fire" when their barracks were hit by a Scud missile. Mrs. Francke offers the public's ready acceptance of these casualties as evidence of its being comfortable with women in combat and argues that only the most blatant hostility to women can account for the military's refusal to accept these deaths as proof of women's combat abilities. Mrs. Francke, more advocate than analyst, equates passive victims in a combat zone with soldiers directly engaged in mortal combat with the enemy.

The experience of the two captured female soldiers supposedly eliminated any lingering concern over how the public might react to the spectacle of female POWs. But the public barely had time to react when the young female truck driver, held five weeks, returned and reported that she had received a marriage proposal from an Iraqi officer. The fact that both women had been sexually molested by their Iraqi captors would not be revealed for another year.

Major Rhonda Cornum, an Army flight surgeon, later explained that her two broken arms and a bullet in her shoulder had not prevented an Iraqi guard from molesting her on the first day of her seven days in captivity. Major Cornum dismisses her experience in a surgeon's clinical terms, explaining, "I was manually molested, anally and vaginally," and remains an outspoken advocate of women in combat.

In fact, the assault on Major Cornum underscores women's vulnerability, and her brief ordeal says nothing about how the public might react—or should react—to the ongoing mistreatment of female soldiers in a prolonged conflict.

Feminists were alarmed at the public's negative reaction to the deployment of mothers. Until 1975, women were removed from the service for pregnancy or even stepmotherhood. Mrs. Francke explains that to feminists "interchangeability of father/mother roles is essential to downplay a mother's indispensability to her young children and thereby allow her to pursue a guilt-free life outside the home." But as the evening news chronicled mothers leaving babies as young as six weeks to head to the Gulf, the public rejected the "interchangeability" theory of parenthood and flooded Capitol Hill with protests.

Numerous bills were introduced ordering the Pentagon to bring home from the Gulf single parents and one member of any dual-career military couple with children and exempt them from future combat deployments. In an AP poll, 64 per cent of the public agreed that it was "unacceptable for the United States to send women with young children to the war zone." The relatively short deployment and low casualty rate prevented the bills from becoming law, as they surely would have done in a longer deployment.

AGAIN, as in the case of women as combat commanders and POWs, Mrs. Francke believes that the mommy-goes-to-war issue has been put to rest. She doesn't recognize that her own chapter on the issue chronicles widespread child neglect aided and abetted by the military.

The Gulf War gave rise to the phenomenon of pediatric postwar syndrome: a significant number of children of deployed single parents and dual-career military couples suffered sleep disorders, discipline problems, and weaker attachments to their parents. The new "family force," increasingly "a particular mecca for single parents," includes personnel with 1.6 million children, half of whom are under six. During *peacetime*, military mothers complain about the inadequacy of the services' child-care centers, which are open only 12 hours a day. Particularly in the case of single parents, the demands of family life are not compatible with military service. That's why single custodial parents can't enlist. But Mrs. Francke harshly criticizes a sensible, consistent policy that would bar single parents from re-enlisting as just another thinly disguised effort to force women out of the ranks.

Twenty years after the integration of women into formerly all-male military

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institutions, Mrs. Francke reports that men at the service academies still resent female cadets and midshipmen, despite the enthusiastic support of senior academy officials. Mrs. Francke finds the resistance to the integration of combat arms by tomorrow's military leaders particularly discouraging but indicative of an unsolvable conundrum. She concludes that combat exclusion rules still in force relegate women to second-class status, leading to their being treated as inferiors. (Notwithstanding Mrs. Francke's portrayal of a hopelessly misogynist military, the services have, unfortunately, supported the integration of combat planes and ships.) Yet she acknowledges that the male bonding necessary to encourage men to kill and risk death prevents the acceptance of women into combat ranks. How can she resolve the contradiction? She can't.

Linda Bird Francke has written a feminist brief for equal rights in the military as if she were analyzing career opportunities in a federal jobs program. George Orwell displayed more understanding of the reality of combat in one sentence: "People sleep peacefully in their beds at night only because rough men stand ready to do violence on their behalf." We can look forward to sleepless nights if Mrs. Francke's views continue to prevail within a military too cowed to defend itself from feminist tormentors who care nothing for it. □

Color Bind

RAMESH PONNURU

POLITICIANS are forever promising to "create jobs," but we would be better off if they would pledge to destroy some. Any number of useful reforms would have the effect, in the first instance, of throwing lawyers and bureaucrats out of work. In his new book, Frederick Lynch turns the spotlight on another group whose ranks could use substantial trimming: the affirmative-action officers, diversity consultants, and sensitivity trainers who make up the Diversity Machine.

The Diversity Machine, by Frederick Lynch (Free Press, 416 pp., $27.50)

Backfire: A Reporter's Look at Affirmative Action, by Bob Zelnick (Regnery, 415 pp., $27.50).

Lynch calls himself "the male Margaret Mead of multiculturalism." He's the only sociologist who has written a book on affirmative action and white males, "the third rail of academia." The jacket to this book promises that it "effectively exposes the self-righteous, greedy, and ultimately ineffectual underside of the diversity business"; most of the blurbs say the same. The book between the covers is very different from what this background and these descriptions would suggest: it's a detailed and dispassionate account of the development and workings of the diversity movement which stresses its internal variety. Mr. Lynch mostly saves his conclusions for the last chapter. Those conclusions are mild and cautionary; Lynch worries about the indifference of the diversity machine to the legality of its practices.

He summarizes his account of the genesis of the diversity machine thus: "When the cause of an older, backward-looking, black–white model of affirmative action began to sputter in the 1980s, savvy consultant-theoreticians fused multiculturalism with demographic forecasts and threatened 'glass ceiling' regulations to reformulate a forward-looking policy rationale for the 1990s." Race and sex consciousness was no longer to be seen as an unfortunate expedient to right past wrongs, but as a good in itself.

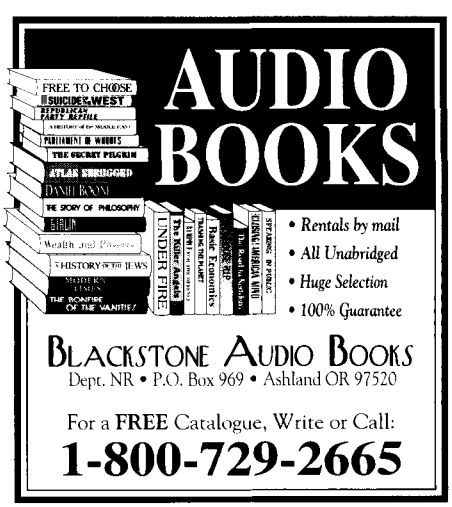
Diversity consultants divide along several axes. Lynch distinguishes between "business pragmatists," who emphasize "dollars and demographics" in making their pitch to CEOs, and "civil-rights moralists," who approach their work with a religious fervor and see it as an extension of the civil-rights movement of the Fifties and Sixties. The former group would consider sources of diversity other than race and sex, such as age and family background, and distance their efforts from affirmative action. The latter group vigorously defends affirmative action and wants to stay focused on race and sex. Lynch seems sympathetic to the pragmatists, but demonstrates that under current conditions it's impossible to get beyond race and sex. Proposals to hold managers "accountable" for diversity, for instance, end up recapitulating the old quota formulas.

Lynch shrewdly contrasts the consultants' smiley-face patter about unlocking companies' potential with its darker subtext: diversity is the only way to avoid a nightmare of racial polarization and social disintegration. In the aftermath of the 1992 riots, the consultants' earlier slogan—"The Future Is Now in L.A.!"—took on a double meaning. (*The Diversity Machine* centers on California, as does the eponymous Machine.) "Managing diversity" appeals to both the theorists of social liberation and the practitioners of social control. One might regard it as the logical extension of the managerial techniques of bureaucratic capitalism to a new field.

That doesn't mean that the diversity machine is market-driven. Lynch wavers in his own assessment, but he points out that the business pragmatists' bottom-line arguments for their services have never been proven. It appears that companies are investing in "diversity" largely in response to a legal regime of regulations and potential discrimination lawsuits.

The book's conference-by-conference account can get tiresome, but that's as much the diversity machine's fault as Lynch's. And it allows him to capture the machine's numbing cant, a combination of the vocabularies of what is euphemistically called "management theory" and of the therapeutic culture. (The language of academe has penetrated the business world, notes Lynch, even as university administrations increasingly extol efficiency.) Lynch intro-

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*



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duces us to the consultant who originated the metaphor of a company as a jar of jelly beans—the jar that launched a thousand lawsuits against Texaco. His best case study of diversity training in action concerns the University of Michigan, with which he is familiar as an alumnus and an academic. He lets its former president, James Duderstadt, hang himself with his own sententious statements.

The book has its flaws. While it is important to explain that the diversity machine is not monolithic, some of the distinctions its components make are merely evidence of the narcissism of small differences, or, perhaps more to the point, of product differentiation. In general, Lynch takes the self-descriptions of consultants too seriously. One group, for instance, wants not just to conduct training sessions but to transform entire corporate cultures in a cooperative direction; they call themselves "change masters," and Lynch adopts the phrase uncritically. (He does point out that "diversity consultants constantly confused white male culture with capitalism and bureaucracy and just plain formal organization." The implication that other groups are unsuited to modern economies is an example of what Lynch calls the diversity paradox: to "celebrate differences" can reinforce stereotypes.)

The Diversity Machine contains too many typos and a wince-inducing reference to the "physicist Alfred Einstein." Worse, it's occasionally confusing. The Hudson Institute's *Workforce 2000* provided a major impetus for the diversity crusade by erroneously projecting rapid demographic change. Lynch repeatedly refers to the report, and the mistake, as if they were a matter of common knowledge; his most thorough explanation appears on page 331.

READERS who wish that Lynch's description of the diversity machine were more pointed should pick up a copy of ABC reporter Bob Zelnick's unjustly neglected *Backfire*, published last year. It's not a comprehensive "look at affirmative action"—he doesn't address preferences based on sex, even though white women have reaped more benefits from preferences than blacks have. It is instead a comprehensive look at the folly pursued in the name of promoting racial equality: from preferences to race-conscious districting to the protection of lackluster black colleges to the crackdown on illusory "lending discrimination."

Zelnick has a fine eye for the perversities of these policies. By using a broad definition of who counts as a job applicant with a possible claim of hiring discrimination, for example, the government penalizes the companies that work hardest at minority outreach. To defend themselves against charges of lending discrimination, banks will have to formalize their procedures and thus probably reduce minority access to credit. Or consider this arresting formulation:

> This society, which keeps potentially useful drugs off the market until they are tested for a near eternity, which bans carcinogens that must be eaten by the pound to produce harm—*this society consciously and deliberately graduates doctors who are less qualified to treat the sick than would be the case if admissions to medical school were based purely on ability and not on race.*

Fred Lynch calls himself 'the male Margaret Mead of multiculturalism.' Bob Zelnick has produced among the best indictments of racial preferences not written by Thomas Sowell.

Backfire's indictment of racial preferences is among the best not written by Thomas Sowell. Zelnick eschews speculation about their psychological effects in favor of exposing their incontrovertible effects on standards. The doctrine of "disparate impact," which prevents employers from using hiring criteria that tend to blacks' disadvantage, effectively bans merit testing and similar devices. The only way to contain the damage is to resort to "race-norming": establish separate standards so that applicants compete only against other members of their race and the desired racial balance can be achieved. A variant of this doctrine has also wrecked educational standards in high school.

Zelnick has done his homework (though his book too has minor errors—for instance, the congressman leading the fight against preferences is *Charles*, not John, Canady). He notes that affirmative action's chief effect on black employment patterns seems to be to redistribute black workers from small employers to large ones and to contractors of the Federal Government, and from growth industries to mature ones.

He can also find the weak points in the arguments of preference proponents: e.g., the pointless distinctions they make between the "less qualified" and the "unqualified," or their insistence that admissions preferences based on geography, legacy, or athletics justify preferences based on race. He is deadly and accurate on "the standard defense: Concede that affirmative action would be wicked if it contained any of its essential elements, proclaim that henceforth the government will practice only affirmative action that lacks the very discriminatory policies that make it affirmative action, and then continue as before." This, in a nutshell, is President Clinton's policy: Don't mend it, don't end it, defend and extend it.

The accuracy of the book makes it frequently depressing. The extent of preferences in admissions, while by now familiar, is still appalling: Zelnick finds law schools where the "presumptive rejection" grade for whites is higher than the "presumptive acceptance" grade for blacks and Hispanics, medical schools where the average GPA for admitted blacks is lower than the average GPA for rejected whites. There is something ineffably sad about the NAACP suing to demand the "immediate suspension of the requirement for Cleveland students to pass a [ninth-grade!] proficiency test to receive a high-school diploma." Against this backdrop, Zelnick's touches of sardonic humor can be a bit jarring.

He is also guilty of the occasional overstatement. Is it really true that when a congressional district is drawn to elect a black congressman, "white voters have been discriminated against"? He writes that law reviews "now select staff members whose pre-eminent qualification is the color of their skin"—which resembles the plaint that blacks shouldn't be hired or admitted "just because they're black," a common rhetorical excess of preference opponents. (Harvard doesn't, after all, admit just any old black to boost its numbers.)

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In addition, while most conservatives will agree with Zelnick's assertion that preferences are unconstitutional under the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, it's by no means obviously true. He should have at least mentioned the strong case that court decisions against affirmative action are examples of judicial activism. Finally, both Zelnick and Lynch favor mandatory color-blindness rather than trusting the market. This regime seems to me neither workable nor desirable—for one thing, it could lead to yet more litigation—and neither author offers me any reason to change my mind. □

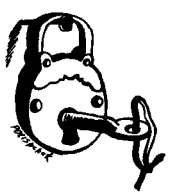
FILM

Last Tango in Hong Kong

JOHN SIMON

CRAZY, as is well known, comes in two forms: like a fox and like a loon—madness with method in it, or just plain dementia. The British filmmaker Peter Greenaway partakes of both: some of his films come across more foxy than loony, others the reverse. ***The Pillow Book***, his latest, is on the cusp: you are never sure whether it is the work of a coolly cerebral prestidigitator or an obsessive compulsive.

A thousand years ago, Sei Shōnagon, lady-in-waiting to the Imperial Court during the Heian dynasty, kept a diary of her thoughts, feelings, and experiences (chiefly amorous)—*The Pillow Book*, a Japanese classic. A chiliad later, Greenaway tells the story of Nagiko, who grows up in the same city of Kyoto, the daughter of a writer and calligrapher. On her every birthday, while her aunt reads out loud from *The Pillow Book*, her father writes (paints) an ancient creation myth on the child's face and nape. After which he must trundle off to his publisher and blackmailer, and submit to him sexually. Eventually Nagiko is forced to marry the publisher's cloddish son, who burns her books and diaries, whereupon she runs off to Hong Kong.



There she first works as a waitress, but soon becomes a top fashion model. She is obsessed with calligraphy on her body, first executed by herself. Dissatisfied, she takes a series of calligrapher-lovers, searching for the ideal one. But the best calligraphers are not the best lovers, and vice versa. Moreover, if they are old, they have "a penis like a sea slug or a pickled cucumber"; if they are young, "they are easily distracted." Finally, she meets a young Englishman, Jerome, a translator, with whom she falls in love: alas, he is also the lover of the same evil publisher, who now operates out of Hong Kong. Parenthetically, there is no excuse for Greenaway to be there either, except for a final fling before the Chinese spoilsports take over.

Jerome opens up a new world to Nagiko: he gets her to write on *his* body; thus she who was paper becomes the pen. She writes a poem on her lover's body that he, in turn, presents to his lover, who scorns it, and won't publish it. Jealous and angry, Nagiko locks Jerome out; as a ploy, he attempts a pretend suicide that unfortunately turns out real. Nagiko, distraught, vows vengeance, especially after the publisher secretly exhumes Jerome and skins him, processing the poem he bears into a one-of-a-kind deluxe book.

Back in Kyoto now, Nagiko begins a series of 13 poems that entrance the publisher. She sends them to him, one by one, on the bodies of various oddly assorted men. He drools, while his staff transcribe the poetry for publication. The 13th and last messenger bodies forth, in black lettering, the Book of Death; a sumo wrestler, he slits the publisher's throat. Nagiko acquires and buries Jerome's skin-book, and dedicates herself to bringing up her daughter by him, to whom she regularly reads from *The Pillow Book*.

This is a drastic abridgment of what happens in the movie, but loony as it may sound, the movie is loonier. Throughout, there are visual and verbal quotations from *The Pillow Book*, with flashbacks to Sei Shōnagon. These usually appear in small squares popping up in various parts of the screen. There are also flashbacks to Nagiko's past, and all sorts of split screens and superimpositions, different sorts of writing superimposed on scenes of action. Also ceaseless repetition of words and images. Thus the film becomes three or four times its already unendurable two-hour length. There are also elaborate subtitles, an oppressive *mélange* of sundry kinds of music, and a babel of foreign, often untranslated, tongues. The overload becomes overwhelming.

And always, as a substratum, the naked bodies of Nagiko and the various men being slowly, painstakingly, beautifully written on—actually painted on, with those softly phallic brushes—as pictograms sinuously espouse somatic shapes and contours. Fun for a while but, unless you share this esoteric fetishism, soon exhausting. The stated purpose is to fuse flesh and text, copulation and literature: two great human passions inextricably melded. And all so intricately allusive and elusive that, by film's end, I was ready to give up both sex and writing.

Vivian Wu is appealing and competent as Nagiko, but finally not quite actress or sexpot enough to draw the spectator into a *folie à deux*. The rising young Scottish star Ewan McGregor is winning as Jerome, and both supporting players and walk-ons (or write-ons) are cunningly chosen. Sacha Vierny's cinematography, artfully combining full color and monochrome, is mesmeric, and there is every kind of visual opulence. It is all rather like a 12-course dinner consumed not consecutively but simultaneously. Not even after an Eric Rohmer film did emerging into the fresh air feel so blissfully liberating.

■ Ewan McGregor appears also in ***Brassed Off***, an enormously likable film written and directed by Mark Herman, the very antithesis of Greenaway's. It is 1992 in northern England, and, all over, coal mines are closing—among other places, in the fictitious Yorkshire town of Grimley, populated by soon-to-be-unemployed colliers. Also endangered is the Grimley Colliery Band, the brass ensemble that is the precious baby of Danny Ormondroyd, its super-dedicated conductor, concerned only with making music. He even has his impoverished son, Phil, spend the money meant to stave off dispossession on a

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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new trombone for the forthcoming semifinals of the national brass-band competition. Whereupon Phil's irate wife packs up the three kids and the furniture and clears out.

As the mine may close, the band may disband—until the sudden appearance of Gloria, granddaughter of a former band leader and the childhood sweetheart of Andy, a band member. She auditions for the band on the flugelhorn in the *Concierto de Aranjuez* of all things, and passes with flying colors, leaving all the musicians enchanted and rededicated. The band prospers in the semifinals, but the mine is closed. And Gloria, with whom Andy gets reinvolved, turns out to be a spy for the British Coal Board, making him into a shunned scab. But Gloria is soon on the band's and colliers' side, vainly fighting the management for them, when Danny collapses and is hospitalized just as the band faces the finals in Albert Hall.

By the end of The Pillow Book, *I was ready to give up both sex and writing.*

The rest you must find out for yourselves. It is a delightful film, funny and serious by turns, perhaps a shade sentimental and manipulative. But whenever things threaten to get sticky comes some wry humor or just some sharply observed reality, aromatic, succulent, sassy. The Yorkshire locales and dialogue are pungently authentic, and the score by Trevor Jones, part original, part adapted, is beautifully played by the nonfictitious Grimethorpe Colliery Band. Never has brass music sounded more exhilarating.

As Danny, Pete Postlethwaite exudes his special brand of basic human dignity, usually goodhumoredly unflappable. But when emotion overcomes him, he becomes shattering as he confronts all the world's cruelty and injustice with a simple bone-deep decency, an utterly selfless pathos. His final tirade, which would sound unendurable from anyone else, issues from him rendingly right.

Scarcely less fine is Stephen Tompkinson as the large, lumbering, raw-boned Phil, who brings a sweetness and vulnerability wholly devoid of playing for sympathy. As the lovers, McGregor and the pertly toothsome Tara Fitzgerald have a wonderfully unactorish look and feel about them, and the entire supporting cast is so real you can (and this is high praise) smell them. These are some of the scruffiest actors and actresses you have recently seen, but their earthiness and doughtiness are as irresistible as that brass music. The punning title, *Brassed Off*, translates into American as "pissed off." The people and events need no translation: they are fully as universal as they are individual and idiosyncratic. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Moral Judgment, by James Q. Wilson (Basic, 134 pp., $18)

THE erosion of personal responsibility brought about by the welfare state has been complemented by developments in the legal system. Exploring the insanity and intoxication defenses, "diminished responsibility," and assorted manifestations of psychiatric "syndrome science," Professor James Q. Wilson shows how the American criminal-justice system has increasingly failed in its mission of punishing people who hurt others. While replete with anecdotes (forget the Twinkie defense: one expert witness suggested that snail research proved the brains of the Menendez brothers had been "rewired" to cause them to fire 15 shots into their mother and father in order to collect their life insurance), this book offers a serious exploration of subtle evolutions which have transformed the criminal law from a body of rules designed to deter those who are the most in need of deterrence into one aggressively seeking out creative reasons to excuse the antisocial conduct of such persons.

—STEPHEN MARKMAN

Review of My Life, Starring Dara Falcon, by Ann Beattie (Knopf, 307 pp., $24)

WHOEVER penned this novel's dust-jacket copy either really believed that it explores "the sometimes subtle and sometimes startling differences between the way things look and the way they actually are," or, more likely, was forced into grotesque overreaching by the book's sheer vapidity. Jean, the narrator, is a young woman whose life—along with those of her fellow small-town residents—is badly damaged by the title character. Dara Falcon is a standard vixen, indistinguishable from those haunting many other mediocre fictions, but Miss Beattie must not read much of that sort of thing. Despite having her marriage, family, and car wrecked, slow Jean needs until page 296 to come to the startling realization that Dara was "the most manipulative person I had ever met." Wow. Might therapy have helped? In spite of the novel's heft, caused by Miss Beattie's tone-deaf prose and her preoccupation with minutiae, it is appallingly thin. Dara Falcon is just "bad," the narrator is just "passive," marriages just break up, and so forth, without explanation. Reading *Dara Falcon* is similar to watching *Oprah*: spend an hour witnessing the sorry lives of assorted freaks, then forget them just as quickly.

—MITT BEAUCHESNE

Crazy Rhythm: My Journey from Brooklyn, Jazz, and Wall Street to Nixon's White House, Watergate, and Beyond . . . , by Leonard Garment (Times, 394 pp., $27.50)

THE most revealing comment in this wonderfully frank and engaging memoir comes on its first page, where Mr. Garment, President Nixon's counsel during Watergate, writes that "everything" in this story of an exceptionally rich and varied life and career "is shadowed by Richard Nixon, even my memories of what occurred before we met." Nixon seems to have had that kind of effect on people, and not the least of the many virtues of Garment's book is that it brings us closer to an understanding of that ironic charisma than anything else which has yet found its way into print. Few of those who knew and worked with Nixon are in a better position to understand what Mr. Garment calls "the mystery of his deep penetration of the American psyche." Along the way there are wit and good stories, of both the jazz and the political worlds (somehow Wall Street doesn't generate so many), and essential information for anyone who wants to understand America's recent past.

—JAMES BOWMAN

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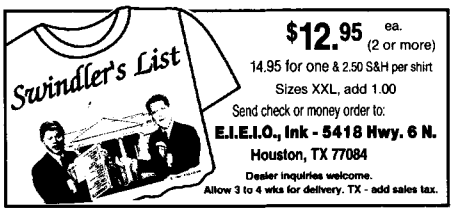
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BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 43)

believed in them, from the radical Tom Paine to the liberal Thomas Jefferson to conservatives like Washington, Adams, and Alexander Hamilton. "The sacred rights of mankind," Hamilton wrote in 1774, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of the Divinity itself." Hamilton's bitter enemy, Jefferson, liked these words so much he "borrowed" them in a letter fifty years later.

It is not necessary here to define exactly what "the rights of man" mean. The Founders, it turned out, had different takes on this question. Their arguments inflamed the politics of the 1790s. Their descendants had different perspectives too, which led to the Civil War. James McPherson notes that the letters of soldiers in that struggle show a high awareness of the issues involved. They were not yokels fighting willy-nilly. Even a rigid cultural historian must concede that it is a cultural habit of Americans to express their political ideas in ideological terms.

O'Sullivan wants American conservatives to ignore this salient fact about America because he is reasoning backward from two contemporary crises—less dramatic than the Revolution or the Civil War, but potentially no less serious in the long run: multiculturalism and unrestrained (and therefore unassimilated) immigration. Since the "rights of man" looks to him like a paper barrier against these threats, the doctrine must be downgraded. Fortunately, O'Sullivan can get what he wants (and what America needs) from the doctrine he deplores.

The "rights of man" has nothing to do with multiculturalism. It takes a lot of ingenuity to transform "all men are created equal" into "all ethnic groups are created equal (except that groups of color trump whites, Jews trump Christians, and everybody trumps WASPs)." This doesn't mean that the left hasn't tried. But all the left's trying doesn't mean that the counterargument can't be made. When someone tries to steal the family silver, the proper response is to stop him, not to say that it wasn't worth much anyway.

Immigration looks like a more difficult case. If America is a creed, can't anyone who believes it—or mouths it—come in?

The Founders had a range of views on immigration, from Washington's remark that he would take "Mohammedan" laborers if they worked hard, to Benjamin Franklin's blast at German "boors." This suggests that there is no "credal" position on immigration, and that the historical practice of America—alternating periods of openness and containment, depending on prudence—is in fact right.

But there is a more important point. Who says ideas are easy to learn? The most trivial aspects of culture are much easier to pick up. This, and not political theory, is what makes America a "universal nation." American culture precedes immigration. The wives of the average Iranian mullah probably wear jeans under their chadors, and listen to Michael Bolton—poor slobs.

Ideals are much harder to internalize. A century ago, the Federalist Papers were popular with nation builders in Germany, Japan, and the Union of South Africa (talk about unsolicited testimonials). A cultural determinist would say that German, Japanese, and South African culture prevented the hopeful souls from getting James Madison's drift. Someone who appreciates the complexity and the gravity of ideals would say, his drift was hard to get. The Founders recognized this by requiring that a naturalized citizen had to wait nine years before he could become a senator, and that he could never become President. Education in citizenship is a tough job. If there are not strong reasons for encouraging immigration, then there is no reason for America to undergo the difficulty.

The doctrine of the rights of man is breathtaking. The Founders thought they knew better than the sages of the past. (Hamilton called the politics of ancient Greece "disgusting.") It is also nerve-wracking, because many of the Founders knew that success was not guaranteed. The wisest of them did not believe in ever-ascending ages of history (Newt Gingrich's error), or the infallibility of the electorate (one of Jude Wanniski's errors). Washington in his first Inaugural called the new regime an "experiment," and experiments can fail. Jefferson wrote years later that Washington had been a man of "gloomy apprehensions." Right you were, Tom, and one of his many sources of gloom was you.

However difficult the doctrine of the rights of man is, American conservatives should try to understand and uphold it, because if they don't, the left will plug some counter-ideal in its place. The non-ideological view of politics has a long pedigree among conservatives, but it is a recipe for getting kicked in the head. This was certainly what the Tories (the British ones, not their American namesakes) found after decades of Palliser-novel guff about managing change slowly, etc., etc. Then came Margaret Thatcher, who announced that some things were right, and others were wrong, and she would do the former. John Major unlearned the lesson. If American conservatives want to avoid his fate, they should shun his example. You can run from ideals, but you can't hide. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 F	2 B		3 T	4 E	5 O	6 J	7 M	8 D	9 S		10 E	11 J	12 Y		13 L	14 W	15 J	16 H	17 C		18 V	19 N	20 O
21 P		22 K	23 L	24 U	25 A		26 Y	27 T	28 Q	29 A	30 E	31 V		32 L	33 K	34 O		35 M	36 H		37 M	38 U	39 G
40 H	41 X	42 E	43 I		44 P	45 K	46 B		47 Y	48 C	49 H	50 A	51 U		52 E	53 P	54 R	55 T		56 A	57 Y	58 U	
59 X	60 H	61 A		62 O	63 D		64 X	65 I	66 A	67 K	68 H		69 Q	70 I		71 B	72 G	73 F	74 T	75 Q		76 I	77 E
78 A	79 X	80 N	81 G	82 Q	83 R	84 W		85 B	86 A	87 H	88 M	89 N	90 L	91 E		92 D	93 F	94 J		95 K	96 H	97 L	98 Q
	99 I		100 S	101 O	102 X		103 L	104 J		105 B	106 T	107 E	108 K	109 Q	110 H	111 A	112 O		113 O	114 T	115 W		116 W
117 F	118 E		119 G	120 X		121 D	122 M	123 E	124 S		125 P		126 V	127 J	128 F	129 A	130 Q		131 N	132 Y		133 P	134 E
135 T		136 F	137 J	138 B	139 A	140 Q	141 E	142 Y	143 H		144 I		145 I	146 C	147 V	148 L	149 X		150 O	151 N		152 K	153 N
154 E		155 K	156 U	157 N	158 M		159 T	160 H	161 X		162 K		163 J	164 Y	165 V	166 T		167 A	168 R	169 B	170 J		171 P
172 B	173 S	174 G	175 A		176 W	177 R	178 L	179 S		180 X	181 R	182 Q	183 H	184 Y	185 K	186 J	187 O	188 I	189 N	190 L			

DEFINITIONS

A. Home-alone type (2 words) — 175 66 167 129 56 139 29 61 111 50 86 / 25 78

B. Ceiling, in Britain — 2 85 71 138 172 46 169 105

C. Little louse — 146 48 17

D. Hook by the gills — 8 92 121 63

E. 118-to-126-pound class — 107 91 123 118 4 141 30 52 154 77 42 / 134 10

F. Wizard of Menlo Park — 73 136 128 1 117 93

G. Suitor — 174 119 72 81 39

H. Roustabout, stevedore — 87 40 160 49 143 16 36 60 183 68 96 / 110

I. "_____, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain" — 188 145 65 144 43 70 76 99

J. Divine displeasure (3 words) — 163 186 137 170 11 6 104 15 127 94

K. *Wegweiser*, pioneer — 22 162 152 45 95 108 33 155 185 67

L. Mooring, especially in Alaska — 32 13 148 178 103 97 23 90 190

M. Ancient Irish kingdom — 7 88 35 37 122 158

N. Seducer — 80 157 151 153 89 189 131 19

O. Shipboard navigation bulb (2 words) — 101 150 20 113 5 34 62 187 112

P. Demesne — 53 171 133 125 44 21

Q. Parish administrator — 28 130 82 69 182 75 98 109 140

R. Prophet who figures prominently in the pseudepigrapha — 83 54 181 177 168

S. Insect invader dreaded by restaurateurs — 124 179 173 100 9

T. Importuned — 135 114 3 74 27 159 55 106 166

U. Toward Dixie — 58 156 24 51 38

V. Canine wanderer — 165 147 126 31 18

W. Alphabetized list of contents — 14 116 115 176 84

X. Loony Tunes quack (2 words) — 161 64 120 180 102 79 41 59 149

Y. Surroundings — 12 47 184 57 26 164 132 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. B. BANNEKER: *To Thomas Jefferson*: "I hope you cannot but acknowledge that it is the indispensible duty of those who maintain for themselves the rights of human nature and who profess the obligations of Christianity to extend their power and influence to the relief of every part of the human race from whatever burthen or oppression they may unjustly labor under."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Outmaneuvered, Outthought, Outwitted

NEW YORK, JUNE 13

Somebody, somewhere, should devise the means of focusing public sentiment on the whole business of compound bills. These are such as last week exploded in the face of the Republican leadership. On this one, the Republicans were the aggressors. To the main bill (to appropriate aid for the dispossessed, primarily in South Dakota and Minnesota) were attached several riders. The Republicans gambled that the attachment would be parasitical—gambled that the live body would transport the appended organisms into law. What happened could have been predicted by rank amateurs in handicapping, and should certainly have been predicted by Messrs. Gingrich and Lott.

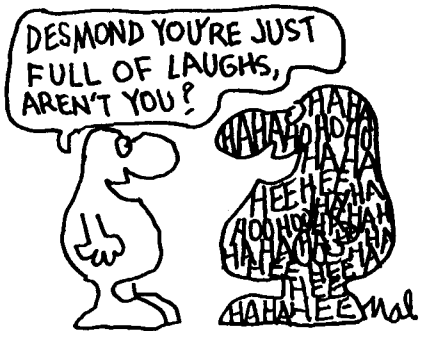
In big clashes weighing Congress against the Executive the odds vary according to the emotional candlepower of the issue. We were dealing this time around with flood victims, whose plight had been elaborated in 38 consecutive prime-time exposures to the ravages of nature. Under the impact of such huge deposits of human misery what happens is that distinctions tend to disappear. In the current case, even more pronouncedly than during the campaign last year that seemed to feature a presidential candidate who cared about the sick versus a presidential candidate who did not. Poor Mr. Dole could say one hundred times that the difference between Mr. Clinton's call for a Medicare increase and his own was a miserable 1 per cent. Such distinctions do not trouble those who put aside all considerations when they view the problem as having to do with human health. The ambulance driver can charge anything he wants.

One adds to the inherent odds in favor of anything—the sooner the better—for flood victims, the special force of the White House. And add to the special force of the White House the special force of Bill Clinton. He can make a plea to rescue the people of South Dakota from Republicans sound more poignant and more compelling than a call to rescue the people of South Dakota from floods.

Now what is lost in the playing out of the political theater above is the hugely important point the Republican leadership sought to make. The idea has been to profit from the lessons of the showdowns of recent years. If the Executive wants A and Congress wants B, and Congress doesn't have the strength to override a presidential veto, then one of two things can happen. Either the legislation under consideration is simply dropped, or the deadlock grows to gargantuan proportions. If the President wants ten million dollars for a monument and Congress will only go for five and compromise is not effected, then the monument simply does not get built. Nothing much happens as a result of that postponement, but a great deal does happen if we are debating not a monument but the operation of government. The Republicans proposed very simply that if there was a deadlock, such funding as had most recently been approved for government operations would continue. Focused on, say, Medicare, this was on the order of saying: If seventy billion dollars per year has been appropriated for Medicare, and the White House wants the figure to rise to eighty, the House, only to seventy-five, then, until there is settlement on the issue of how much the rise should be, Medicare will continue to get seventy billion.

The idea of the line-item veto, not yet crystallized under law, would have given the President the authority to veto the budget item as extraneous to the business of flood relief. But the disfigurement of bills is very much in the historical tradition, which is why one finds in $300-billion bills riders that provide for a new Post Office for the home town of the Appropriations Committee member from Illinois, or more subsidies for a stretch of peanut country in Georgia.

To the extent politics is an art, the responsibility of political leaders is to weigh all such factors with a view to advancing the program they want to advance, athwart the perils of the sea. The Republican leaders are now left to pull out their organism, which became a saprophyte when Clinton killed the whole measure and delighted to sit back and pout tears for the flood victims. But they will have a harder time than they should have had, backing so manifestly desirable a reform. Because suspicion of it as that fast-one-the-Republicans-tried-to-pull-off will detract from the public support the measure should have. The Republicans need a Dick Morris? □



Speaking From A Glass House

NEW YORK, JUNE 9

The Swiss are aroused by continuing U.S. criticism of their conduct during the Second World War. We learn from Alan Cowell of the *New York Times* that whereas when it was first proposed by Swiss leaders that the government underwrite something on the order of an indemnity to Jewish survivors—so to speak, an act of contrition—the great majority (70 per cent) of Swiss registered in favor of the fund. That has reduced to 40 per cent, and the reason for it, we are told, is general resentment of what is increasingly perceived as American censoriousness. How the Swiss people feel about the prospective $4.7-billion fund is very important, inasmuch as a plebiscite is needed to authorize it.

The Swiss tradition of utter diplomatic civility is yielding to the impulses of national pride. Flavio Cotti, the Foreign Minister, was five years old when the Nazis succumbed on V-E Day; indeed there are no Swiss survivors of the class that ran the government and the banks between 1939 and 1945. But he is speaking out of a sense of national grievance which doesn't therefore mean that what he is saying can be discounted as nothing more than tribal loyalty. What he said last week was searing stuff. "In our eyes morality can mean other elements," i.e., than doing business with the Nazis. "We could ask the United States why they didn't enter the war until later."

Now that isn't a bad question, even though it isn't so difficult to answer. If that challenge were posed live in the General Assembly of the United Nations, the American representative might reply that the reason we weren't at war earlier was that the United States had a perfectly honorable tradition of political isolation from Europe, the conspicuous departure from which—our entry into World War I—reinforced the conviction that there was nothing the U.S. could do to keep Europe from

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mismanaging its affairs. What finally brought us into the war had absolutely nothing to do with any public apprehension that a holocaust was in prospect. Pearl Harbor happened, after which Hitler declared war on us. It isn't absolutely established that we'd have declared war in any event, though the Roosevelt Administration clearly hungered to get into the war.

Well!—the Swiss might reasonably reply. We cite political realities? They had a great reality of their own. Going around the perimeter of Switzerland were Germany, France, Italy, and Austria. Geopolitical reality demanded at least neutrality; more realistically, propitiation. The Nazis had to be appeased at least to the point of maintaining such neutrality as Switzerland exercised.

The prosecution could observe that it is one thing to exercise strict neutrality, or even to give in where Nazi demands were thought undeniable. But does this excuse what we now know was a vigorous banking commerce with the Nazis, which included buying gold looted from Jews?

The Swiss might reply along the following lines: "If you are talking about jewelry torn from Jewish women, or for that matter, extracted from the teeth of Jewish corpses, we wholeheartedly and shamefacedly acknowledge that those who had direct knowledge that this was the source of the Nazi gold being sold were guilty of a terrible callousness. But U.S. criticism is much more general, dealing, as most of it has, not with trade at that level, but with trade at the more general level—doing business with the Nazis. You are speaking from a glass house."

Here, surely, the Swiss are entirely convincing, and Mr. Cotti can press his point much further than he has done. The United States did business with the Soviet Union beginning not long after the war ended. Stalin was alive fifty years ago when George Marshall proclaimed his great Plan, inviting the Soviet Union to participate. In 1947 Stalin had an estimated 25 million people in the Gulag.

The question of the moral frontiers of trade recurs every day, on every front. NAFTA specifies that business will not be done with any trading partner that engages in child labor. We may not know with confidence whether children are conscripted to extract tin from Bolivian mines, but we certainly know that children are made to work in China. Estimates of the size of the forced-labor population of China go as high as twenty million, but never lower than two million. Even so, responsible American politicians and public figures reason that strategic purposes are advanced by encouraging trade with China.

Who is right? It isn't obvious. But analysis of the Swiss situation should begin with postulates. They are that the Swiss tend to be exemplary citizens, and that in any national emergency, in any country, there are opportunists. The challenge is to distinguish between them, and the governing class, which in Switzerland traded with the Nazis, in America forced Japanese-Americans into concentration camps and engaged in a diplomacy that delivered Eastern Europe into slavery for forty years. □

What Can Clinton Do?

NEW YORK MAY 30

The editorial writer of the *Orlando Sentinel* expresses a view on *Jones* v. *Clinton* that arrests attention. It is a rather Manichaean view of the world, but let's look at it. "In our hearts, most of us know that few (if any) among us could pass such scrutiny [as Bill Clinton is being subjected to]. . . . The success of our system is based on its ability to recruit normal people for extraordinary service. . . . If we exclude the normal, we invite the extreme." Such views are a mouthful, and Paula Jones's eliciting of them could be an enduring contribution.

The paper goes on to urge the following reform. It is based on the approach to the marriage contract—"Let all those who oppose this union speak now or forever hold their peace." The paper proposes a law "granting a blanket immunity for all officeholders covered within the list of presidential succession."

On the proposal, and the world view associated with it, a few observations:

1. It is less than absolutely so that the "normal" person has dropped his pants—literally—in front of a subordinate, suggesting that they proceed to have at it. A distinction appears to be asserting itself in the public mind on the matter of sexual promiscuity. If the mark says yes, then we can let the episode pass by. Gennifer Flowers not only said yes, but said yes enthusiastically, one gathered from the stories, for 12 years. Paula Jones said no. What is it that taints the man who elicits a negative response from the lady he seeks out? If Paula Jones had said yes, then, in the Flowers tradition, there would have been no plaintiff. The paper seems to be saying that every normal man has attempted seduction and it is only normal to assume that sometimes the man is spurned.

2. Is it really correct that we must attempt to recruit only "normal" people to high office? The late Mrs. Robert Taft was asked, after the renomination of her husband as senator, whether he was a common man. Her reply froze the face of the political pro who had introduced her. She told the questioner, in the room crowded with women, that her husband was not a common man. "He was first in his class at Yale and first in his class at the Harvard Law School. I don't think it would be right to send a common man to Washington to represent the people of Ohio." The audience applauded lustily, and the pols were appeased. Mrs. Taft's reply may sound elitist, but it would be nice to think that the Presidency goes to men of abnormal qualifications. And to remember that in the case of Mr. Clinton, as in the case of Lieutenant Flinn, public concern focuses as much on the misrepresentation as on the misdeed.

3. The implicit forgiveness at the altar, given by the bride to the groom and the groom to the bride, is an act of faith in which are subsumed whatever exchanges the couple elected to make concerning past attachments and activity. A presidential election proceeds on the assumption that all that is disqualifying has been revealed. It is one thing to rule, in effect, that Gennifer Flowers used up whatever opportunity she had to disqualify candidate Clinton. It is something else to say that the voting public is prepared to disregard anything at all that a President, after his election, is proved to have done before taking office. The idea of forgiveness is articulated in the Catholic tradition of confession. But the forgiveness requires a recitation of what it is one is to be forgiven for. Here the Orlando formula would apply only if one assumes that Mr. Clinton was in effect absolved for his role in the Jones matter, brought to light in 1994, when re-elected in 1996.

4. On the matter of contrition, there is something somehow wrong in the theatrical picture. It is that Bill Clinton doesn't—ever—appear guilty. His face is apparently unwrinkled by any ravages of sin or mortification or guilt. Good old Tricky Dick never let the public down in these matters. He *always* looked guilty, never more so than when he was facing the public and averring his innocence. His face was a polygraph. Clinton's face is that of the freshly minted altar boy. We have looked at that face through Gennifer Flowers, marijuana non-inhaling, draft resistance; through Vincent Foster, Hubbell, Lincoln Bedrooms, Huangs; and what we see is something in the nature of incorrigibility.

For that reason, an apology is as inconceivable as a sex change. Bill Clinton couldn't bring it off. The Church made Henry II march over to Canterbury and get himself flogged publicly to atone for the assassination of Becket. Clinton has no comparable recourse. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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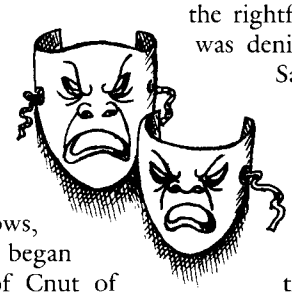
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

IT'S a start, but it's not enough. The apologies tendered by Bill Clinton for the Tuskegee experiments and Tony Blair for the Irish famine only point up the need for volunteer apologists to aid in this great work.

Words cannot express how deeply I regret the Annexation of Schleswig–Holstein. Many say there's no point in discussing it because only three people have ever understood it—a Heidelberg professor who went mad; Prince Albert, who died at 42; and Lord Palmerston, who forgot what it was that he understood—but it's actually quite simple.



As every schoolboy knows, the dispute over the duchies began in 974 when the forces of Cnut of Schleswig and Baldur of Holstein captured so many women from each other that the Danish province of Schleswig filled up with Germans and the German province of Holstein filled up with Danes. Ethnic tensions increased in 1106 when Lothair of Supplingenburg became Duke of Saxony and created German counts to rule Holstein, a policy that was challenged in 1404 when Eric of Pomerania claimed the titles for Denmark, thereby incurring the wrath of Frederick III, who added Dithmarschen and Stormarn to Holstein over the objections of the House of Gottorp–Delmenhorst. He was reversed by the German Diet, which awarded Lauenburg to Holstein and put Schleswig under the suzerainty of the Margrave of Sonderburg–Augustenburg, who, being but eight years old, was subject to the regency of his mother, Landgravin Johanna of Oster Jutland, until her overthrow by Oskar Tremendus, who, as every schoolboy knows, abandoned the German Diet.

The Tremendi prevailed until the Congress of Vienna declared the duchies independent and named the Danish king Duke of Schleswig–Holstein, an edict later revised by the London Protocol which stipulated that the King of Denmark be recognized as Duke *in* Schleswig–Holstein but not Duke *of* Schleswig–Holstein. Faced with this most grievous of insults, King Christian annexed the duchies, whereupon Prussia and Austria declared war on Denmark.

It is abundantly clear to a gender-sensitive age that the key figure here is the Landgravin Johanna of Oster Jutland, the rightful Queen of Denmark who was denied the crown by the sexist Salic Law that prohibited women or matrilineal claimants from reigning in any land once part of the Holy Roman Empire. So to Salic Moms everywhere who have found their inner Dane, I offer my sincerest apologies and my solemn promise that Schleswig–Holstein will never, ever be annexed again.

A nation that obsesses daily about the use and abuse of "body parts" must come to terms with the War of Jenkins' Ear. It began in 1731 when a Spanish captain, angry that England had reneged on her promise to give back Gibraltar, boarded an English merchant vessel and cut off the ear of its captain, Robert Jenkins. At least that's what Jenkins claimed when he turned up in the House of Commons with an ear in a jar. A few cynics said he really lost it in the pillory, but cynicism was in short supply once Pitt waved the ear around and declaimed "the honor of England."

Spain denied the ear story and countered it with a charge that an English captain had cut off a Spanish captain's nose and forced him to eat it, but no one believed it. Whipped into a white heat of patriotism, the English people demanded a war with Spain. When it came, church bells rang out and everyone was so pumped up that James Thomson wrote "Rule Britannia" and novelist Tobias Smollett joined the navy.

It was shaping up into a great little war when something strange happened: it went away. As historian Carl Becker explains: "How the War of Jenkins' Ear might have ended we shall unfortunately never know, for it was soon submerged and lost in the War of the Austrian Succession." In other words, as wags delight in pointing out, since no peace treaty, armistice, or surrender was ever signed, it must still be going on somewhere.

I regret to say that "somewhere" is the United States. Remember Lorena Bobbitt, the Hispanic who sliced off her WASP husband's member? In the name of the Prudential Insurance Company, I hereby apologize for their inflammatory logo of the Rock of Gibraltar which has done so much to prolong this 258-year-old war.

I'll never forgive myself for the Sepoy Mutiny, whose cause ranks as the most insensitive act of cultural imperialism ever committed by the usual suspects, i.e., Anglo-Saxons. In 1857, the new Enfield rifles that England distributed to her native Indian troops (sepoys) required greased cartridges. The manufacturer was supposed to use mutton fat, but to save money had used instead the cheaper fat of cows and pigs. Since every sepoy soldier was either a Hindu or a Moslem, certain defilement awaited any man who so much as touched an ammo box. Do you wonder that I can't sleep?

THE Apologizer Bunny keeps going and going and going. I wish to express my heartfelt regret to Lt. Kelly Flinn for what Emperor Augustus did when he discovered his daughter, Julia, committing mass fornication in the Forum on Amateur Night. Instead of simply reprimanding her, he exiled her to the island of Pandateria in the Adriatic—the Minot, North Dakota, of antiquity—and supplied her with a staff of servants and guards consisting entirely of eunuchs.

To Madeline Morris, who advised the military to abandon its "masculinist aggressivity," I apologize for Lord Cardigan, who calmly observed the first casualty in the Charge of the Light Brigade and said, "Imagine the fellow screaming like a woman when he was hit."

Lastly, I apologize to Brian Lamb of C-SPAN and the personality-deprived everywhere for what Charles II said about Prince George of Denmark, the husband of his niece, the future Queen Anne: "'Tis fortunate that he snuffles, else the footmen would think him dead and carry him out." □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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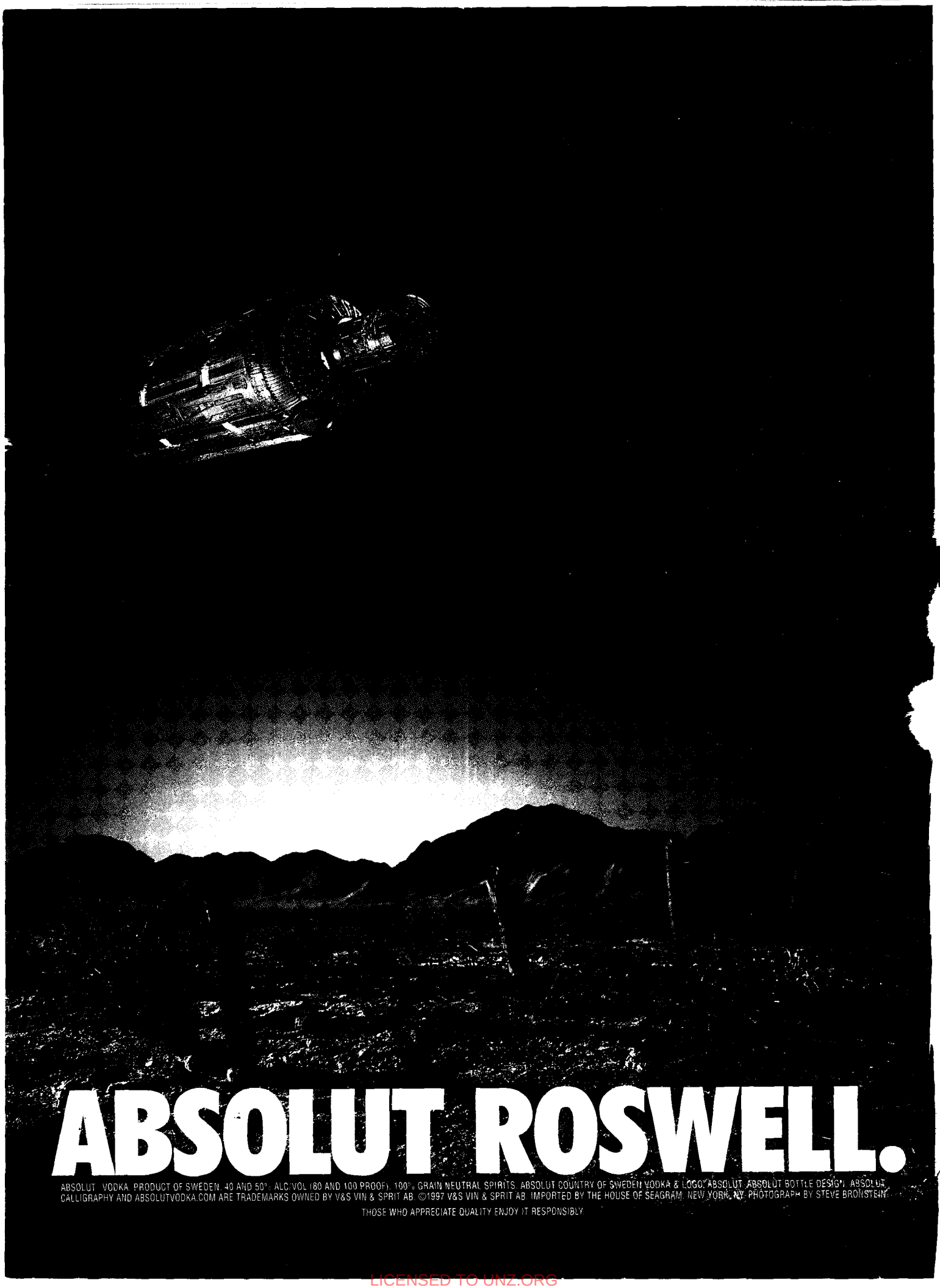

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